

CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
From the Editor: The PURPLE AND ORANGE? Fleet.....	3
IN MEMORIAM: Ray Milland.....	5
"Starbuck's Lady" by Sarah Whitney.....	6
"Continuation" by Mary Robertson.....	17
"Silver Tears" by Mary Robertson.....	17
"And If Thou Wilt" by Elaine Tripp.....	18
Medicine in the GALACTICA Universe: A Synopsis.....	25
"David" by J. D. Rich.....	28
"Battlestar" by Karen Klinck.....	31
"Battlestar HIROSHIMA??" by Gordon Smuder.....	32
Gunnery Notes: "Party" by Clyde Jones.....	36
SURVIVE THE ALLIANCE: "New Frontiers" by Sharon Monroe and J. D. Rich.....	48
"Why Did It Have to Be...?" Part XIII, the Conclusion, by H. Ravenwood.....	64
From Deep Space... ..	80
Scorecard: Michael Who?.....	81
Acknowledgements.....	84

PURPLE AND ORANGE? is intended solely for the enjoyment of fans of the ABC-TV series BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™ and GALACTICA: 1980™. Submissions and letters of comment are both encouraged and welcomed. All correspondence will be considered for publication unless clearly noted otherwise. All submissions and correspondence should be addressed to PURPLE AND ORANGE?, c/o OSIRIS Publications, 8928 North Olcott Avenue, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053.

Copyright ©1986 by OSIRIS Publications. This copyright covers only original material, and in no way is intended to infringe upon or supersede copyrights held by Universal City Studios, Inc., Glen A. Larson Productions, ABC-TV, or any other holders of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™ copyrights and/or trademarks. All rights revert to contributors upon publication. No material contained herein may be reproduced without the express written permission of OSIRIS Publications and the individual creator of that material.

™Trademark of and licensed by Universal City Studios, Inc. All rights reserved.

From the Editor: The PURPLE AND ORANGE? Fleet

Seven years. This MediaWest*Con, #6, marks the seventh anniversary of the first appearance of PURPLE AND ORANGE? Things have changed since then. A little one-shot zine became downright ambitious, when its original staff decided to continue publishing on a regular basis. P&O? became OSIRIS Publications, and now has under its belt twenty regular issues, five novels, a "blue" issue, and a parody-play. The staff has changed with time, as interests shifted and jobs, lack of time, or personal crisis drew some away. New people discovered the zine, and devoted time and effort to it.

We continue. Future publication plans include three more novels, possibly another "blue" special, and several story lines that will take four or five issues to resolve, all of which will carry us at least two or three years into the future -- and that's not counting anything else we come up with between now and then! That doesn't mean each issue is full -- far from it; it just means we're committed to continue for that many issues to complete everything we've begun. The years have been good, and the future looks bright for the fans at OSIRIS Publications.

Seven years, however, is a long time, especially in a hobby that can shift radically over a few months, as a new television series begins, and an old one is cancelled; or a new movie hits the screens and makes a splash; or a new book opens fannish eyes to a different world and a different way of looking at life, the universe, and everything. We have noticed a group of questions about P&O? that have been asked with increasing frequency, especially over the past few months. We've been around for seven years; those of us who've read the zine from the beginning know what's going on, but for our new fans, some of our stories are obviously confusing. So we're going to take a little space to tell you What's Going On in PURPLE AND ORANGE?, starting with The Ships.

GALACTICA: This, obviously, is the easiest to explain. It's the ship we saw on the show, the one we fell in love with, whose characters and plots inspire loyalty to this day. The battlestar GALACTICA leads a rag tag fugitive fleet of approximately two hundred and twenty ships, with human survivors of Twelve Tribes, on a quest for the mythical "Earth," where a Thirteenth Tribe is supposed to reside. The Cylons dog their flight at every turn, seeking to complete the Destruction they began on the Colonial Worlds, named, as we Thirteenth Tribers recognize, after the twelve signs of the Zodiac -- i.e. Caprica for Capricorn, Picon for Pisces, etc.

We know the main characters, living and dead, good guys and bad guys. The only storyline we have to consider is the series -- and the books and comic books, if one wishes; an author has complete freedom, so long as his characters remain in character, and the action and technology are compatible with the universe as we saw it in the series.

We do have a number of stories which follow a certain timeline, but that timeline is intricately bound with another of our ships, the OSIRIS, and may be disregarded entirely when writing GALACTICA stories. If you want to use that line, you may want to contact us or check back issues to be sure that what you write doesn't conflict with what's already been published, or to find out what effect your story might have on some future action.

The published novel WARRIORS' LUCK and the planned ALTERNATE CONSPIRACY are independent GALACTICA stories.

PEGASUS: OSIRIS Publications is currently printing a series of stories taking place aboard the battlestar PEGASUS, the ship of Commander Cain, Apollo's idol. In these stories, the PEGASUS is travelling near the GALACTICA, but out of scanner and patrol range; they know the ultimate destination -- Earth -- but Cain prefers to travel alone, a fast military strike force deflecting some Cylon attacks from the mainly civilian Fleet. The PEGASUS has picked up a number of survivors from the Delphian Empire, destroyed by the Cylons shortly before the Destruction. The Delphians are a militaristic people with a strong sense of honour and a vaguely old Japanese culture. They appear to have been a very early offshoot of the Colonies themselves; the Delphians of these stories are human. Considering the Commander and the nature of the ship's crew, it is to be expected that PEGASUS stories can have a much stronger military angle than GALACTICA stories.

Of course, this is Lee Gaul's version of the PEGASUS, its crew, and its place in the GALACTICA universe; other writers may present differing views.

This PEGASUS timestream contains the novels THE BATTLE OF MOLUKAI and SECOND COMING.

OSIRIS: The battlestar OSIRIS is a sister ship of the GALACTICA and the PEGASUS. She was sent on a two-yahren mission of deep-star exploration, the kind that fascinated Captain Apollo, approximately four yahrens before the Destruction. Being so long overdue, she was presumed lost. Several months after the Fleet's departure, she returned, gathered what survivors she could, and began to trail the GALACTICA. Her crew is mixed -- approximately half military and half civilian specialists at the beginning of her voyage, now with the added tensions of the survivors, who are not always in the best physical, mental, or psychological condition. Realizing he can't afford to leave such a number of people with nothing to do, Commander Christopher continues his mission -- exploration of the planets they pass, while seeking clues to the GALACTICA's path and ultimate destination.

The OSIRIS was created to give us a place to put ourselves in this universe. It offers a wide variety of options for us -- we don't all have to be Warriors or socialators to belong. It's an unofficial fan club, a gathering of friends, with whom you can spend as much or as little time as you wish, in real life or on paper. We encourage our readers and writers to create a counterpart on the OSIRIS, although it isn't mandatory; it's just for the fun of it.

Many biographies of these personal characters have appeared in past issues, and we continue to get such short vignettes and log entries from new readers, so don't feel you've missed out if you didn't join the crew from Day One, seven years ago! Our writers and readers can still become original crew, Destruction survivors, or members of other ships encountered at some later date.

(The OSIRIS also provides the editors an easy way to sidestep Mary Sue and John Q. Superhero. Personal characters go on this ship. The writer who can't live without his/her character [and incidentally himself/herself] being the centre of heroism, love, admiration, and gratitude on the GALACTICA should look elsewhere to publish his/her stories. Sorry.)

The OSIRIS has its own timeline. Individual characters can have their own adventures and interact with each other. On this ship, stories have to clear the editor to ensure continuity and prevent character discrepancy, but there's a lot of leeway -- two people can view the same situation and repeat what sounds like two entirely different incidents.

The novels APOLLO'S ODYSSEY and MURMURS take place in this version of the universe, and the planned BURN, WITCH... as well.

DEMENTIA: We haven't quite forgiven Clyde Jones for originally creating the battlefrog DEMENTIA -- although the way he handles it, it's fun to read, if you survive the editing... It's a crazy ship, crewed by lunatics and geriatrics cases, with a small contingent of medical personnel and a

few sane officers. You see, Commander Morpheus had orders to evacuate a front-line hospital and mental ward, and after the Cylons attacked, the only ship he had left was an old, pre-battlestar thing and some worn-out fighters... And of course, the fact that he's a were-frog merely makes things interesting when they pass a planet with a full moon... And the sorta sane engineer salvaged some defunct Cylons, and repaired them to serve as crew, and they had to paint them paisley to tell them from the other, bad Cylons... And the cargo hold hadn't been examined in yahrens, so the oddest things come out of it, like the Cook, who sorta looks like a giant orange rutabaga with tentacles and blue eye-stalks -- where they picked him/her/it up, we haven't learned yet...

We think you get the picture. Purple prose and insanity reign supreme.

Much of the action in PURPLE AND ORANGE? takes place on these four ships. Planets and ships have been created for other stories. The "Survive the Alliance" tale shows one of the directions in which we're expanding. Our parody BABBLESTAR BLASTICA demonstrates another. ALLIES, a novel serialized in our earlier issues, by a professional author from Chicago, and the Colonial History series demonstrate still others, by using the universe as a jumping-off point for independent stories. (We're considering publishing ALLIES as a separate novel, with revisions and new art, if interest warrants. Interested?)

We think you see the kind of variety P&O? has, and the potential. We started with the series, and the books, and GALACTICA: 1980, and we took it from there. We like our little zine, and we want you to like it, too. If you have questions about anything, or story ideas you'd like to discuss, feel free to contact us, or talk to us at conventions. We like meeting new people, and we're willing to take time for you. Without your input, how will we know what you want to see in these pages?

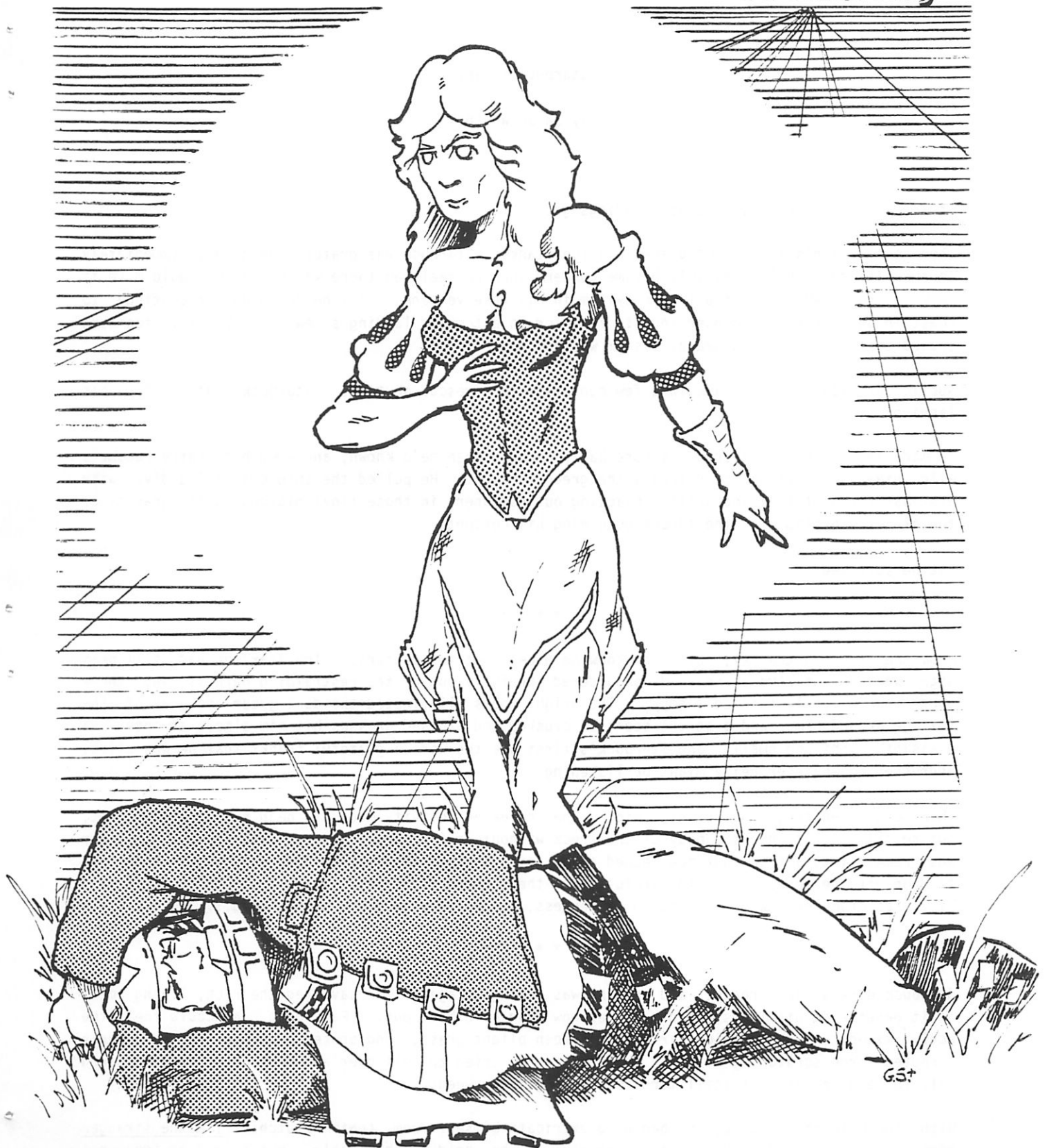
Which means, time for a plug. We've prepared another survey about various aspects of P&O?, and we'd appreciate it if you'd take the time to fill it out, and tell us what you like and dislike about PURPLE AND ORANGE? If we somehow forgot to insert a survey in your copy, just ask for one, or write. We'll be glad to supply one, and it's your chance to praise and criticize to your heart's desire.

Old-timers, thanks! Your loyalty and support made it possible for us to entertain you for seven years. New-comers, welcome! We hope you enjoy P&O? and stick with us for a long time to come. Everybody, hi! The next seven years are full speed ahead!

Sharon Monroe
Sharon Monroe
Editor
PURPLE AND ORANGE?

IN MEMORIAM: Ray Milland died of cancer March 10, 1986, at the age of 78. In a career spanning nearly fifty years of acting and directing, his best-remembered role is as an alcoholic in "The Lost Weekend," for which he won an Academy Award. His movie and television performances included comedies, thrillers, westerns, science fiction, horror, and melodrama. GALACTICA fans remember him as "Sire Uri," architect of the Caprican Renaissance and self-seeking member of the Council of Twelve after the Destruction. He was a truly versatile and talented artist who lived a rich and full life. We note his passing with sadness.

Starbuck's Lady by Sarah Whitney



"Starbuck's Lady"

(By Sarah Whitney)

It was a gentle landing, as crash landings go.

When the Cylon's lucky shot opened his fuel tanks, Starbuck was grateful he didn't immediately become history. Relief quickly became concern when he realized there was no way he could make it back to the GALACTICA on the little tylium in his reserve tank. All he could do was continue to coast in one direction, conserving his fuel for an attempted landing somewhere. Luckily, scanners showed that a planet in a nearby system was habitable.

Apollo promised to be back in a few centars with a rescue shuttle. Starbuck went in for his landing.

He made it, although his ship was more badly damaged than he'd known, and smooth re-entry became a wild dive as his Viper nosed toward the green surface. He pulled the ship out of its dive with his last scrap of luck and skill, blacking out somewhere in those final microns as the gravity of the planet wrestled with the forces governing his descent.

But he survived.

* * * * *

From the moons in the sky, Starbuck knew he'd been out for centars. The star/sun had still been high when he hit atmosphere. He shouldered carefully out of the restraining harness and threw open the slightly twisted canopy. The bright moons illuminated the dark green-and-grey of the foliage around him, and a strong scent of crushed and bruised grasses hit him almost at once -- a pleasant sight and smell, and Starbuck's first breaths were a grateful thanks that he was alive, addressed to whatever deity might be listening.

Then he decided to get out of his ship. The increased activity made his head swim for a moment, but he climbed out onto the body of the wreck without losing consciousness. The side of his Viper was rammed into a tree that now leaned at an acute angle; the small ladder was gone -- he'd have to drop off the nose. He slid carefully off the rounded side; his feet hit something solid, and his knees crumpled. With unexpected suddenness, the world went black as the Void...

* * * * *

Starbuck drew a deep breath, and knew he was waking up again. He savoured the rich, living smell as it penetrated his lungs, and wondered how long he'd been out. Face down, he could feel the oddly mixed textures of rich dark soil, fresh pliant grass, and broken branches from the nearly uprooted tree scratching his face and hands. He tried to roll over and look up, but succeeded only in tangling himself still more in the long, wiry weeds.

With the mildest of oaths, he began to extricate himself from their clutch. I'm the stranger here... He realized he'd have to be careful. The world was habitable, but he had no idea what

else might live there, flora or fauna, that could be dangerous to his fragile and already slightly damaged human frame.

Then he heard the laugh.

He couldn't say afterward whether the sound had been a high lilting trill, or a deep husky throatiness, or something in between -- but when he glanced up, he saw a woman standing in the shimmering moonlight. He'd have sworn that at that moment she was tall and pale-skinned, with silver-touched fair hair. Her face was mature but unlined; her eyes were a shadowy green, coloured like the plants around her feet; her figure was slim and supple-looking, somehow perfect, too young for those eyes. She seemed almost fey in the odd light, and the soft breeze that suddenly shifted her nearly transparent short tunic about her hips added to the illusion. Her long hair blew in moonbeam tendrils about her oval face and bared white shoulders as she glided closer to him.

For a moment, he couldn't speak; his breath had been completely stolen away.

She stooped in a smooth motion, extending a hand. The gesture was regal and almost condescending, and he immediately felt like a clumsy oaf who'd just tripped in front of a princess in a royal procession.

"Lords, you're lovely!" he exclaimed. Close up, she was even more intoxicating than at a distance. Her smile dispelled his momentary abashment. And the whiff of perfume he caught from that smooth, pale skin...

He took her hand, and was able to rise. Leaning against his ship, he brushed away the last weeds tangled around his legs and arms, with her help. Every touch sent a thrill through his nerves.

Glancing around, Starbuck couldn't see anyone else, or any sign of civilisation. There wasn't even a trail, and he had no idea where the woman had come from so suddenly.

"Uh, who are you, anyway? Where'd you come from?" If she's a sample of the native life on this planet, I may not want to leave!

She might have been reading his mind. She flashed a brilliant smile as she laughed again. Her voice was rich and melodious when she spoke. "Call me Tyche. I'm not native to this planet, if that's what you're wondering. I came here not long ago, on a mission."

A mission? Then she represented some people, a civilisation of some other world...

"I'm Starbuck. I didn't come here on a mission. How do you do?"

She giggled in response. "I have always done quite well, thank you, Starbuck. But you've had a trying day, I would guess. Come, my camp's not far from here, and you can rest. I've been prepared for your arrival."

"Prepared? What d'ya mean, prepared? I didn't even know I was coming here!" he declared in astonishment. What in Hades is the beauty talking about?

"Perhaps I should say that, having seen your ship enter the atmosphere, and determining its location, I prepared for the eventuality of survivors before I came looking for you," she explained. From any other woman, the words would have sounded like a lame excuse.

A light cloud scudded before one of the moons, and the sky darkened. Her hair seemed to lose some

of its lustre, and her pale-skinned face took on a corpse-like hue for a micron. The breeze picked up, and a chill settled on the Warrior.

"That makes sense, I guess," he admitted. His momentary suspicion was dismissed. It was only logical that a star-rover on a mission to some odd planet would be prepared for anything, able to deal with an abrupt change in circumstances, like an unexpected guest.

"Come!" She led the way, wading through the rippling waves of thick grass that rustled at her passage.

Starbuck followed. The tough weeds tugged at his knees, but he kept up with her, although the effort quickly left him out of breath. She had no difficulty navigating the meadow-like terrain; he reminded himself she'd been here a while, knew the land, and hadn't been in a Viper crash a few centars before.

In only a few centons, they left the wide grassy space, with its few scattered trees, and entered a grove of some kind. The grass gave way to almost bare ground, with only a few mosses and ferns under the thick leafy canopy above them. Tyche deftly led him between the thick trunks to the side of a fast-running stream. He could see, in the moonlight, that there were more of the same type of growths on the other side, and the tall, ancient-looking trees stretched away on either side of him, following the water's path.

"Where's your camp?" he panted, leaning for a moment against the rough bark of one of those old trees. I may not make it without rest...

Tyche halted for a few moments, letting him catch his breath. She stood with her face lifted to the distant moons, basking in their delicate light; her eyes were closed, and her face was radiant. She seemed to be listening. All Starbuck could hear was wind stirring the branches, and the quiet gurgling of the water.

"This way."

In moments, she turned away from the bank of the stream. Set in among the trees, several yards from the water, was a small encampment -- two tents, several small piles of equipment, and something that was obviously a heating and lighting device, although like none he was familiar with.

She indicated the tent nearest the light/heat generating device. "You may sleep here," she announced. She sounded used to obedience, and it never occurred to Starbuck to question otherwise -- bad manners for a guest, especially when she was taking in a complete stranger who'd quite literally dropped in from the skies.

He had more questions, like where she was from, but Tyche forestalled any further inquiries with a light yawn and a stretch. "I know you must have a thousand questions, but we can talk in the morning. I've had a long day, and so have you."

She moved away to the other tent, leaving him no choice but to check out his accommodations. The small tent, quite similar to others he'd used, looked and felt like standard issue; it was padded on the bottom, quite snug and tight against moisture and insects. A small stuffed pillow was sewn in at one end, and two thick, warm blankets were folded at the other.

Either this woman's people put a little more money into their star exploration than the Colonies did, or she's a special case, Starbuck mused as he pulled off his boots and uniform jacket. After a brief examination of the coverings he'd been given, he removed his shirt as well, keeping only his pants on in case it was necessary to vacate the tent with little warning. He settled his

laser on top of his pile of clothing, next to his pillow, where he could grab it instantly.

Maybe she's a princess, or some kind of nobility, he considered drowsily as he snuggled under the warm, soft blankets. She certainly carried an aura of authority, a stamp of refinement he'd not often encountered in the women he met.

Starbuck suddenly sat bolt upright. If we both sleep, who the blazes will guard the camp? Anything could happen! Of course, if she's been here awhile, alone, she would know if it's safe to sleep without a sentry...

But was she alone? She'd said nothing about companions -- their presence or absence. Maybe she was stranded, like him. Maybe her mission, whatever it was, had been something else, and she was simply left behind when it failed or ended. Maybe she'd go with him tomorrow when Apollo arrived with the promised shuttle...

And as far as how safe the area was, he'd seen no weapons lying about, and Tyche quite obviously carried none. Maybe the world was safe, but going weaponless on a new planet, alone, on a survey check, was nothing he would've cared to undertake.

He heard a quiet murmur. Sticking his head quietly through the tent flap, he saw a figure sitting next to the heating device. The moons had gone completely behind the clouds, and the only light came from that heater. A woman sat on a log -- not Tyche; someone completely different. She was singing; her voice was deeper, he thought -- it was certainly a different person.

This woman was dark, her face and form barely discernable in the darkness, although she wore the same short, light-coloured tunic as Tyche did. She fills it better, though, was his first irreverent thought. Her hair was dark, thick, and tightly curled; when she turned slightly, he noticed full lips and a wide nose, and dark, dark eyes that were blacker than the night itself. She, too, was beautiful, and would give Tyche a run for her cubits in any competition, in the daylight. She seemed to be keeping guard; there was no sound from his hostess's tent.

Starbuck felt a moment's guilt; was he displacing this woman from her bed? Forcing her to change her schedule to watch over him? But maybe the women shared a tent, with one keeping day centars and the other pulling night duty...

At least he didn't have to worry about it; Tyche's orders were to get some sleep. And his head was starting to ache again...

The pounding eased when he rested his head on the pillow. With the guard's quiet song outside like a lullaby, Starbuck was sound asleep in microns -- a deep sleep full of pleasant dreams, with beautiful women fading interchangeably into and out of every scene...

* * * * *

Morning came, and Starbuck woke to a brilliantly coloured dawn and the glowing orb of a sun that hurt his eyes to watch as it rose over the horizon. He blinked and rolled over, but the light came through the tenting material.

Lousy way to wake the troops, he thought grumpily, shining a light in their faces at this time of day.

Resting his head on his crossed arms, he pushed the tent flap back far enough to see what might be going on in camp at such an early centar. He blinked, staring, but realized his eyes weren't playing tricks on him -- there was a third person in the camp, another woman, one he hadn't seen

before, and he was instantly awake.

As human in appearance as the others, she was a trim-figured brunette, standing alone at the edge of the grove. One long-fingered hand shielded her eyes like a visor as she faced the sunrise, motionless. The bright glow passed through her translucent gown, and Starbuck could clearly see every line and curve of her perfect body.

I think I'm in Heaven...

As the complete disk of the sun cleared the horizon, and the pinks and violets of sunrise faded into blue, she turned toward the other tent in camp. Starbuck saw soft, dark curls framing a heart-shaped face, with eyes the hue of the dawn as she walked past where he lay.

I have to meet this woman!

He scrambled for his shirt and boots, dressing with the speed of a man used to answering red alerts in his sleep. All the same, by the time he'd crawled out of the borrowed tent, the brunette was nowhere to be seen. In fact, there didn't seem to be anybody in camp at all, except him.

"Hey!"

There was no response for a centon. Then someone called to him from the direction of the stream. He followed the voice. It sounded like...

But it wasn't Tyche. The woman on one knee next to the cooking fire, bent over a pan of something smelling highly edible and very delectable, couldn't be the moon-touched fairy of the night. This was a golden goddess, with rosy cheeks and an even tan, topped with a shoulder-length cap of riotous sun-gold hair. Above the questioning smile of her red lips were a pair of the bluest eyes he'd ever seen.

She rose in a lithe movement. "Breakfast is ready. Care for stream fish cooked with native herbs?"

A man could live on the smell alone! But... "Who are you?"

She looked at him quizzically. "I'm Tyche. Remember? I found you stranded by your crashed ship? You followed me home."

His jaw almost hit the ground. "But..."

She cocked her head, letting some of that gloriously sun-touched hair swing free. He was fascinated by the simple movement.

"Tyche. But I thought your hair... You seemed so much paler... I mean, your skin... And your eyes... Are you sure you're Tyche?"

She nodded her head decisively. "Always have been. My parents gave me the name when I was born. I don't remember changing it -- or my hair, skin, or eyes. I've always been me."

"Then my memory's gone, or my brain's not working..."

She moved swiftly to his side, gently pushing him down to sit on a fallen tree trunk, watching him gravely. "You crashed, remember? And you had a headache... You were probably unconscious for

centars; it wouldn't surprise me if you were suffering from a minor concussion. What makes you think you weren't a little disorganized last night, especially adjusting to an alien planet? And that was moonlight -- this is the light of day."

He smiled weakly. That has to be it; my memory's just a bit muddled from the crash...

"Are you disappointed?" she teased. "Maybe I prefer the injured man whose admiring blue eyes followed my every movement, while he wondered what he could get away with if he were healthy..." she finished slyly.

"Hey, you wouldn't disappoint anybody!" he insisted immediately, rising to her easily perceived womanly charms with a pleased grin. He could still flirt, find the right words to charm this lovely woman as she was affecting him. And it added spice, somehow, to know she saw through him, but was willing to play the game anyway.

She threw back her head and laughed gaily. "Good! Let's eat before the fish get cold. Then we can start back to your ship, where your friend should be arriving shortly with your rescue shuttle."

How does she know...? "What did you say?"

"Didn't you tell me a friend was coming for you? Someone named Apollo?" she asked. "Or was that just another delusion of the night and your accident? Are you stranded here?"

"No... Apollo's coming. I just didn't remember telling you about him, I guess..."

"Don't worry about it. When you get back to your ship, the medics can check you out. If there's anything seriously wrong, they can fix it." She tossed her head saucily as she stirred the fish in the pan, those blue eyes watching him coyly. "It doesn't look to me like there's anything wrong."

She waved the savoury fish under his nose. "Now, let's eat!"

She was a good cook along with everything else. After a few moments, Starbuck stopped wondering why the other women didn't join them.

* * * * *

The day gave every promise of being hot and muggy. Gone were the soft breezes of the moonlit night, and the cool, spice-scented air of the dawn. The Warrior would've appreciated a swim in the inviting creek, but Tyche thought they should check his homing beacon first, to see if Apollo had landed. So they set out. The sun moved higher in the sky, and the stream with its grove of trees and the women's camp was soon behind them.

Starbuck was glad Tyche remembered the way back to his Viper; he'd have sworn they were taking a different route than they had the midnight before. But then, the whole night seemed to be fading into one massive blur that now refused to be sorted into any concrete memories.

"I don't remember that hill, but the grass feels the same," he panted to his guide as she stopped to get her bearings or her breath -- he wasn't sure which. The heat was affecting her; the short tunic clung damply to her gleaming body. The effect on him was to raise an already-heightened temperature, and make him wish more fervently for a cool swim -- preferably with her.

She glanced at the hill, looking very much like she owned the land and knew it intimately. "Of

course not; you couldn't see it from here at night," she informed him casually.

"Oh."

"Shall we go on?"

"I guess so. How much farther?"

"Not far," she reassured him, smiling. If that smile could be bottled as perfume, no human male in the galaxy would have a chance of resisting any woman.

That she could move through the thick, coarse weeds without tripping was a miracle of motion and feminine sway. Starbuck barely kept his feet under him -- but then, watching her was enough to distract any red-blooded human male of post-adolescent age. He tried to keep his mind on the terrain.

Maybe a little conversation... "How long have you been here, anyway?"

"Not long," she replied briefly. "I've still got a lot to do here before I return home."

"What kind of job are you doing? Simple exploration? Survey check and report, that sort of thing?" He tried to sound interested without prying. She hadn't really said much at breakfast, beyond mild flirtation and a few generalities about the planet -- and him. Starbuck's first impression was that she was by nature a private person. He began to think she was secretive.

"Much more specific than that. A single specimen of a certain species is on this planet. My duty pertains to that specimen." She was watching ahead, not looking at him.

"A single specimen? Isn't that difficult to find?"

"Not in this case. It was easy to find what I was looking for."

"Oh."

She still wouldn't elaborate. He cast about for another leading question, something that would get her talking.

She stopped abruptly, raising a tanned arm to point ahead. "Does that look familiar?" she asked, the remembered lilt back in her voice.

He stared. It was his Viper, leaning against a stunted, half-uprooted tree. The temperature must be increasing, heating the ground faster than the air -- shimmering heat waves surrounded both craft and shattered plant.

And beyond the tree -- thank the Lords! -- was a shuttle, half-hidden among the wiry grasses and small trees. Starbuck detected a human figure next to the shuttlecraft; the heat waves made it impossible to tell who it was.

But it looked like he was rescued.

He turned impulsively to Tyche. "You're a real jewel, you know that?" He planted a kiss on those exquisitely formed lips, then turned back toward the shuttle, waving at the indistinct man coming closer to him.

"I'm here!" he yelled. "Hello!" He hurried forward.

In two steps, the ground beneath him changed. The grass no longer clutched at his feet, making every step an effort. It seemed to swirl about his knees, then swallowed his body.

"Good-bye, Starbuck, for now. This is my way. You always knew that, and accepted my odds..." He heard Tyche's laughing words sink through layers of consciousness as the water sucked him under.

"What...?" he tried to gasp, choking as water rushed into his mouth -- dark green, tainted water, seeking his lungs, seeking to keep him forever.

Don't you welcome my embrace? Starbuck, how fickle!

Oh, Lords... He struggled, trying to swim against the undercurrent that kept tugging at him, but made no headway. He couldn't see any light; everything was all that dark green -- dim light filtered through plants and dirty water.

He was drowning. And she brought me here... The Viper, the shuttle, the man -- they'd only been a mirage, or a siren's trick to lure him to his death. He was drowning...

* * * * *

"...good thing we ran a bio-check on the vegetation first thing when we landed. The quantity of hallucinogenic substances in some of the plant life there was frightening."

"That would explain why Starbuck walked away from his Viper and dropped himself into a back eddy of that river."

"Yeah. If we hadn't heard the splash..."

"If he'd been under much longer..."

"Good thing we didn't stay on that planet any longer than we did! The stuff might've begun affecting us."

"Of course, some of what you boys found could have great medicinal value here on the GALACTICA. I'm glad you brought back a few samples."

"No trouble, Doctor Salik. Just keep it under lock and key -- and preferably under glass as well!"

"I think he's coming around."

Starbuck finally identified one of the voices around him. The last person to have spoken was definitely feminine, and the last woman he remembered...

"Lords, Tyche..." he moaned, blinking to clear his sight as the world gradually became real again.

But no, the fair-haired beauty who took form above him was someone he knew quite well -- Cassiopeia, a med tech aboard the GALACTICA. She watched him with concern, but there was a stern glare in her eyes as well.

He smiled weakly. "Glad to see a friendly face..."

"Don't be too sure." Her smile was guarded. She looked past him.

Starbuck couldn't lift his head; he shifted his eyes to see who else stood by his bedside -- Doctor Salik, Captain Apollo, Lieutenant Boomer, and Commander Adama. Quite a group to be clustered in Life Centre watching over one bed-ridden pilot.

"Hi," he hazarded.

Relieved smiles answered him.

"It appears there is no serious brain damage," the doctor announced.

"Insufficient drowning," Cassiopeia sweetly demurred.

Apollo and Boomer were openly amused; Adama, less so.

"Who's Tyche?" Cassiopeia asked.

Starbuck shuddered. "The woman... Or maybe she was more than one..." The moon sprite, corpse-pale under the clouds... The midnight shadow, lulling him with her spun melodies... The dawn-eyed maid, gone with the sunrise... The splash of sunlight, teasing and leading him to death... He'd seen them one at a time, briefly, and each had seemed to be alone, fitting the light and surroundings...

Uncomprehending stares met his gaze.

"That tanned blonde, the one who led me to the water..." he insisted, no longer certain of anything, but with a growing sense that he knew what Tyche was.

Apollo cleared his throat. "Uh, Starbuck, you were the only life form on that planet higher than an amphibian."

"Are you sure he's higher?" Cassiopeia muttered.

"But..."

"That's how we found you so fast. Good thing we did, too. You nearly drowned -- gave us a real scare. Why'd you walk into the water like that?" Apollo continued, a frown puckering his forehead.

"I..." It was impossible to explain. Everything sounded so very...unusual. Tyche was fading into a blur that contained the images of all four women he'd seen on the planet. Maybe she really was all four women...

"What...were you saying about hallucinating?"

Boomer, the expert botanist, answered him. "Several plant species on that planet contain strong hallucinogens in their flowers and sap. After a full day on that planet, surrounded by that plant life, it's no wonder you were seeing things."

"I guess." In his own mind, he doubted it, as logical as it sounded even to him. He hadn't been hallucinating -- but he couldn't explain what he'd seen...

"I think we'd better let our patient rest," Salik interrupted. "Cassie, I believe you have work

to do? Gentlemen, while your presence here is always welcome, I think the Lieutenant needs some peaceful and undrugged sleep. Come back in a few centars."

As the Warriors began to file out, the medic called one of them back. "Captain Apollo, I think we'll want to check you out first. After all, you may have swallowed some of that water yourself, and we don't want any unusual toxins or chemical agents affecting your behaviour over the next few days, do we?"

Apollo remained. Starbuck noticed for the first time that, while the Captain was wearing a dry uniform, his dark hair was still damp, as if he'd just stepped from a shower -- which he probably had, considering the nature of the brackish, foul water he remembered.

Salik indicated an examination table, then went off in pursuit of the necessary instruments for his diagnostic tests. The Captain took his place on the table next to Starbuck.

After a moment, Apollo spoke again. "You know, Starbuck," he commented thoughtfully, "if I remember my ancient history correctly, Tyche was one of the old Lords of Kobol."

Starbuck turned his head in shock.

"She was connected with...chance, I think, or fate. Probably why the name's not used much these days -- people think it's unlucky for a girl to be named for chance. Where'd you hear the name?"

Starbuck turned pale, shaking his head as he stared up at the ceiling. "I don't remember," he lied.

Chance? Luck? You're a sharp blade, Tyche. But you've got a claim on me, I guess, for all the times I've called on you. Were you making sure they found me, or were you trying to kill me? Do you play games with your favour?

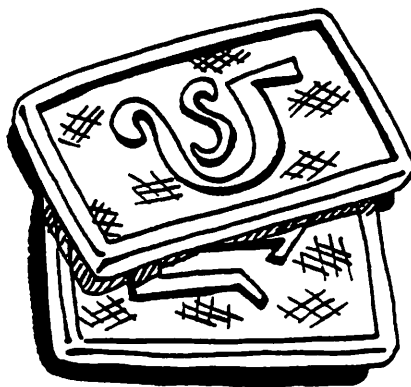
I've risked the odds so many times, tempted fate, gambled I'd be lucky one more time. Were you warning me? Have I come so close...?

"Got something on your mind, Starbuck?" Apollo asked.

"I guess Lady Luck hasn't quite run out on me yet," he said reflectively.

The Captain laughed. "Starbuck, your luck's never gonna run out!" he declared.

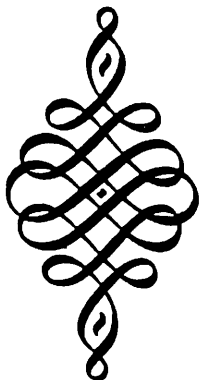
I wonder...



"Continuation"

(By Mary Robertson)

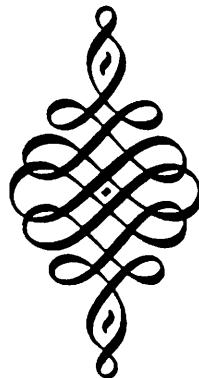
I thought at first that we were truly lost.
Our home was gone, and with it all we knew --
Our families, our friends, our history.
We had a war, and people -- just a few.
 So very few to fight that endless war...
 But fight we did, although our goals were changed
 We fought to stay alive, escaped and ran
 To fight once more. Our lives were rearranged.
 "For what?" you ask. An age-old dream. A dream
 Of hope that we could live in peace at last.
 We found a precious gift along our flight:
 The knowledge that we'd never lost our past;
 That nothing's truly lost when it is loved;
 As long as we still cared, we'd find our way.
 So now I can believe that I was wrong,
 And know we'll find another home some day.



"Silver Tears"

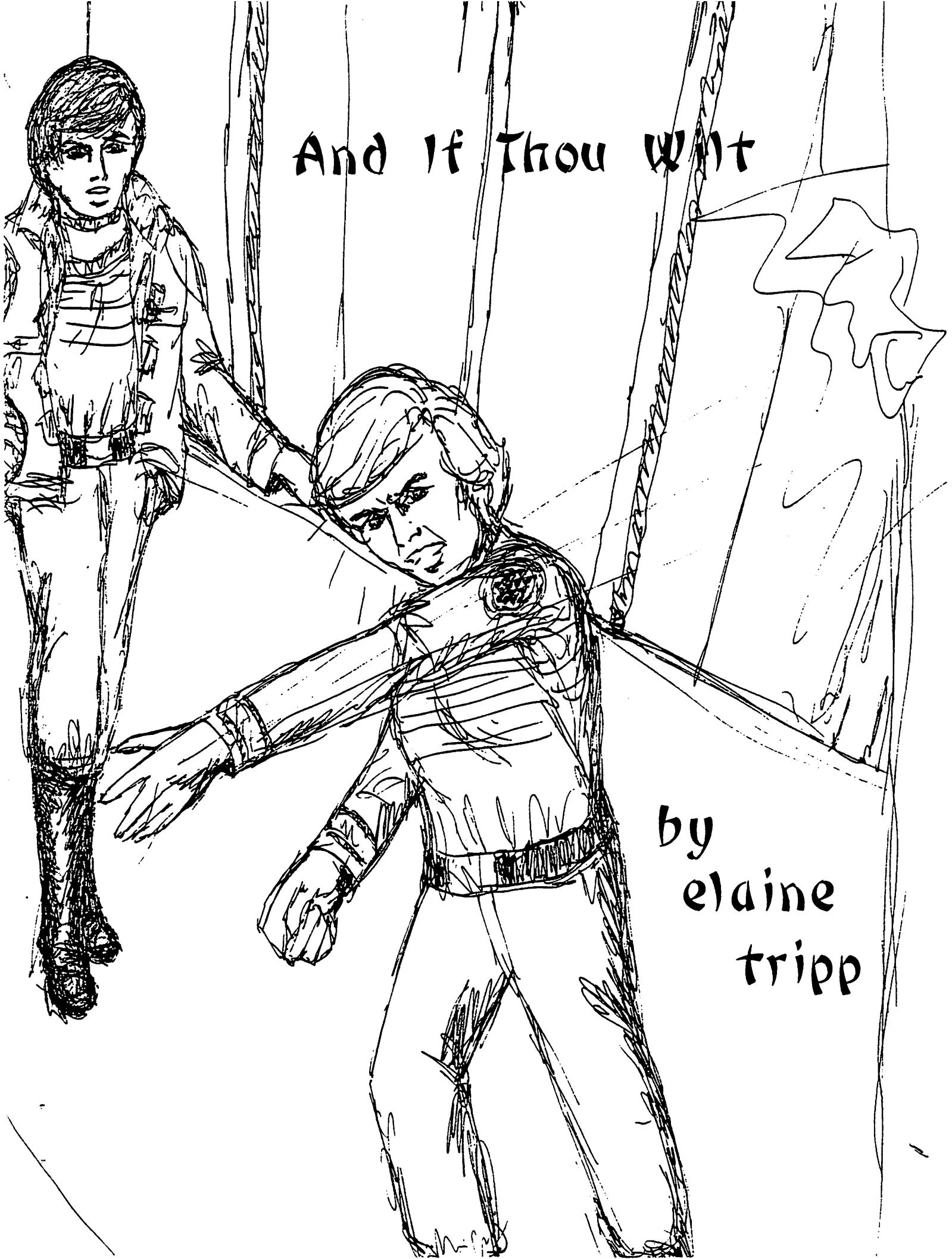
(By Mary Robertson)

I never thought I'd miss the touch of rain
When first I left my homeworld long ago.
I chose another life with youth's disdain
For home's familiar face. I could not know.
Now home is gone. I'm left with just regret
And mem'ries dimmed by time and lack of care.
I'm proud that I'm a Warrior, and yet
I miss that home I scarcely saw was there.
My mother used to call it silver tears,
The rain that washed our land when light was done.
Man's children have inherited our fears
Without the comfort of a shadowed sun
Or rainbow worlds that weep for war's deep scars.
It never rains out here among the stars...



And If Thou Wilt

by
elaine
tripp



"And If Thou Wilt"

(By Elaine Tripp)

"No! Frak, no! I don't want it, I tell you!"

Returning from patrol, Lieutenant Troy was surprised to hear Starbuck's enraged voice coming from the Commander's quarters. Microns later, the door opened, and Starbuck stormed out, angrily flinging something against the wall. Puzzled, Troy stopped, watching as the other man stalked down the corridor.

"Starbuck...?"

Apparently oblivious to Troy's call, Starbuck continued walking, neither answering nor looking back. Something told Troy it wouldn't be prudent to pursue him. Instead, he bent to pick up the object the blond man had thrown. It was a crumpled piece of paper. Smoothing the crinkles, he read the contents, then raised his hand to the Commander's buzzer.

"Come."

The door slid open, and he entered. He found his grandfather sitting at his desk, looking drawn and tired. His face lightened on seeing Troy, and he gestured the Warrior inside.

"I just saw Starbuck charge out of here like he'd been jammed down an exhaust tube," the Lieutenant announced as he approached the desk. He held up a crumpled piece of paper. "And I found this lying on the floor outside your office. He threw it away as he left."

Troy noticed the flash of pain in Adama's eyes as he displayed the paper. "What on Caprica happened, Commander?"

"Did you read it?" Adama countered.

"Yes. It's a promotion slip. But I don't understand why Starbuck would throw it away. Being Flight Leader for Blue Squadron is a great honour."

"Apparently Starbuck doesn't think so," Adama said quietly. "He was quite upset when I gave it to him, although I suspect his anger was, for some reason, directed more at himself than at me or my offer." He sighed. "It would appear that your 'Uncle' Starbuck believes himself unworthy of the rank of Captain."

"But that's ridiculous!" Troy blurted. "Starbuck is one of the best Warriors in the Fleet...next to Father."

Adama smiled slightly at the young man's comparison. "I agree. That's why I offered him the position. To replace your father -- may the gods grant him peace -- as commander of the squadron." He indicated the paper in Troy's hand. "But it seems Starbuck is quite vehement about not accepting."

He paused and looked at his grandson. "Boxey, do you think you can find time to stop by his quarters and have a talk with him?"

The young Warrior glanced at the crumpled paper and shook his head. "I don't know, Commander," he said seriously. "We both know how stubborn Starbuck can be once he makes up his mind."

"I know. But perhaps a friend can reason with him where a Commander has failed."

"I'll do my best, Grandfather," Troy replied. "Give me a few microns to stow my gear, then I'll go and pay Starbuck a visit." He looked back at the piece of paper. "I hope I can find out what's bothering him."

"So do I, Boxey," Adama said sombrely. "So do I."

* * * * *

"Uncle Starbuck...? Starbuck, it's me, Boxey."

After repeated buzzing produced no response, Troy finally tried the door. He was surprised to find it unlocked. Entering the cabin, he saw that the room was dark; the only illumination was the light above the desk in the living section. Starbuck was sitting there, head lowered, neither moving nor acknowledging Troy's presence.

It was such a change from the good-natured, irrepressible Warrior Troy knew and admired, that he hesitated, unsure what to do. After a moment, he slowly approached the table, finally noticing the bottle of ambrosia and the half-empty glass in his friend's hand.

"Uh, hello, Uncle Starbuck," the dark-haired youth said with a forced smile. "I just thought I'd drop by and offer my congratulations. On your promotion. Gran...I mean, Commander Adama told me the news."

"Yeah, good news," Starbuck muttered, not raising his head.

"Er, yes. I think it's great that you're going to be Captain of Blue Squadron."

"Did the Commander also tell you that I'd refused his 'kind' offer?" There was a note of bitterness in the usually cheerful voice. "Don't see why he gave it to me in the first place. I'm not command material. Your father was a far better Captain than I could ever be."

"Father is dead," Troy said quietly. "His death left the captaincy of Blue Squadron open. The Commander no doubt figured, and I agree, that you are the best qualified to fill it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have chosen you."

"Well, I don't want it!" Starbuck snapped, glancing up with blazing eyes. "Adama can give it to somebody else, like Boomer or Sheba. There're plenty of Warriors who would give their last cubit for the job."

"Those other Warriors don't have your skills and abilities," Troy reminded him. "You're the best Viper pilot in the Fleet, and the best Warrior."

"No, Apollo was." He looked down again. "If I was that good, he'd still be alive."

So that's it. Troy stepped closer, resting his hand on the back of the chair as he looked down at the bowed blond head. "Uncle Starbuck, are you blaming yourself for my father's death?"

There was a long silence. Troy remained standing by the chair, waiting patiently.

"I...shouldn't have let him get caught in that formation," Starbuck finally answered, without raising his head. "I should have been with him to help fight off those Raiders. He wasn't ready for that new attack formation..."

"You were Boomer's wingman," the other man pointed out firmly. "Your duty was to guard his back, not Father's. Sheba did her best. You all did."

Yeah, but our best wasn't good enough, Starbuck thought bitterly. First young Zac, then Serina, and now Apollo. I'm a frakkin' jinx. Maybe it'd be best for me to quit before I end up scraggin' what few relatives -- two of 'em, now -- the kid has left.

His morbid thoughts were suddenly broken as Troy's hand moved from the back of the chair to rest on Starbuck's shoulder.

"It wasn't your fault, Starbuck," he said softly. "Don't blame yourself for something neither you nor the other Warriors could have prevented. What happened was an occupational hazard. Father knew the risks when he flew on that patrol. He knew them when he became a Warrior. As do you, and I, and everyone else in the squadrons."

"But I should have done something!" Starbuck shouted in grief and frustration as his fist slammed onto the table, causing the glass to tremble, its contents spilling out. "He was my friend!"

"And he was my father!" Troy snapped back. "Do you think that makes the grief any less painful?"

For what seemed an eternity, two pairs of blue eyes met and locked. The younger man could see beyond the anger to the grief and pain Starbuck struggled to hide. Perhaps it was seeing those same emotions reflected in Troy's eyes that finally caused the blond man to lower his head and turn away.

"Frak, kid, I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"It's all right, Uncle Starbuck. I know how you feel. I was in my cabin when it happened." He, too, lowered his head. "Sometimes I wish I'd said more to him, so many times," he whispered. "I wish I'd told him..."

He took a deep breath and looked up, now resting both hands on his friend's shoulders. "My father is dead. And not all the wishing in the universe is going to bring him back, though I wish to the gods it could be so. If you are truly his friend, honour that friendship -- and his memory -- by accepting the position the Commander's offering you. I'm sure Father would be pleased, knowing that he left the squadron in capable and worthy hands -- yours."

There was no reply, but he could see the other man was listening.

"Uncle Starbuck, when I was in training, you were one of my instructors. I'm no longer a Cadet, but there's still much for me to learn if I'm ever going to become the Warrior Father was, and you are. I admire and respect you as much as I did him. And, well, I guess I love you as much, too. You're more like a second father to me than an honorary uncle." At the word "love," Starbuck lifted his head in surprise. Troy smiled and squeezed his shoulders affectionately. "During all the yahrens I've known you, you've never been a quitter. Please don't be one now."

He dropped his hands and stepped back, his voice firm. "The Squadron needs you, Uncle Starbuck. I need you." He held out a hand.



Once again, two pairs of eyes met, but this time with no anger. Although the grief was still present in Starbuck's eyes, it slowly receded as a shadow of his familiar smile crossed his face, and he raised his hand.

"Okay, kid." He grasped the extended hand. "You talked me into it. I'll give it a shot. Who knows? I just might be able to teach them a thing or two at that."

"Now that's more like the Starbuck I know!" Troy smiled warmly. "Congratulations...Captain."

"Thanks, kid." Starbuck's smile faded as he looked back at the table, his fingers tapping the glass thoughtfully. "Y'know, Boxey," he said softly, "yahrens ago, when your mother died, I blamed myself for her death, too, and almost quit the squadron because of it. But Apollo managed to talk me out of it."* His smile returned as he looked up at Troy. "And now, here you are, connin' me into accepting that promotion. You must have inherited your father's gift for persuasion."

Troy grinned. "If I have that ability, I probably learned it from you," he remarked. "Besides, I couldn't have inherited anything from Father. I'm his son by marriage, not by birth, remember? But thanks for the compliment, anyway."

He gestured to the bottle and glass sitting on the table. "I see you have the items for a celebration already laid out," he commented, his light tone belying his knowledge of the original reason for the ambrosia. "But it's hard to celebrate with just two people. Most of our friends from Blue Squadron are off duty now. What say you and I stop by the ready room and pay them a visit?"

"Good idea." Starbuck's usual good mood was returning as he stood up. "I still owe Boomer for that scraggin' he gave me on the laser range last section."

He returned the bottle of ambrosia to his storage locker. "Won't need this," he commented. "They've got some stored down deck in the ready room." He closed and locked the metal door. "Y'know, I still don't really understand why the Commander chose me for that promotion, 'stead of Boomer or Sheba."

Troy was waiting, hands stuck in his jacket's pockets. "That's simple," he smiled, as Starbuck returned to the table. "Since you were never very good at following orders, the Commander probably thought you'd be better at giving them."

He once more extended his hand. "Again, may I offer my heartiest congratulations, Captain Starbuck. I'm sure you'll make a great commander for Blue Squadron."

As they shook hands again, Starbuck felt something pressed into his palm. Withdrawing his hand, he saw that it was a folded, slightly crinkled slip of paper. Unfolding it, he blinked in surprise when he saw what it was.

"You seem to have left it behind after your talk with the Commander," Troy said dryly. "Considering the likely reaction to your new rank, I thought it might be handy for you to have the proof in your possession. What's so funny?"

Starbuck, chuckling, looked up from the promotion slip in his hand and shook his head. "Just rememberin' a little trick your father once pulled on me."** He slipped the paper into his pocket.

* "The Memory Machine," Battlestar GALACTICA, Issue #6 (Marvel Comics), p. 10.

** ibid.

et. "You're Apollo's son, all right."

He threw his arm around the younger man's shoulders. "Come on, kid. Let's get on down to the ready room so we can tell my squadron the good news. Although I've got a feeling not everybody is going to be as happy about it as you are!"

"Well, if there are any complaints, you can always treat them to a section's furlough on the RISING STAR," he suggested with a grin as they started out the door. "That way, everybody could see what a good and generous Captain you are."

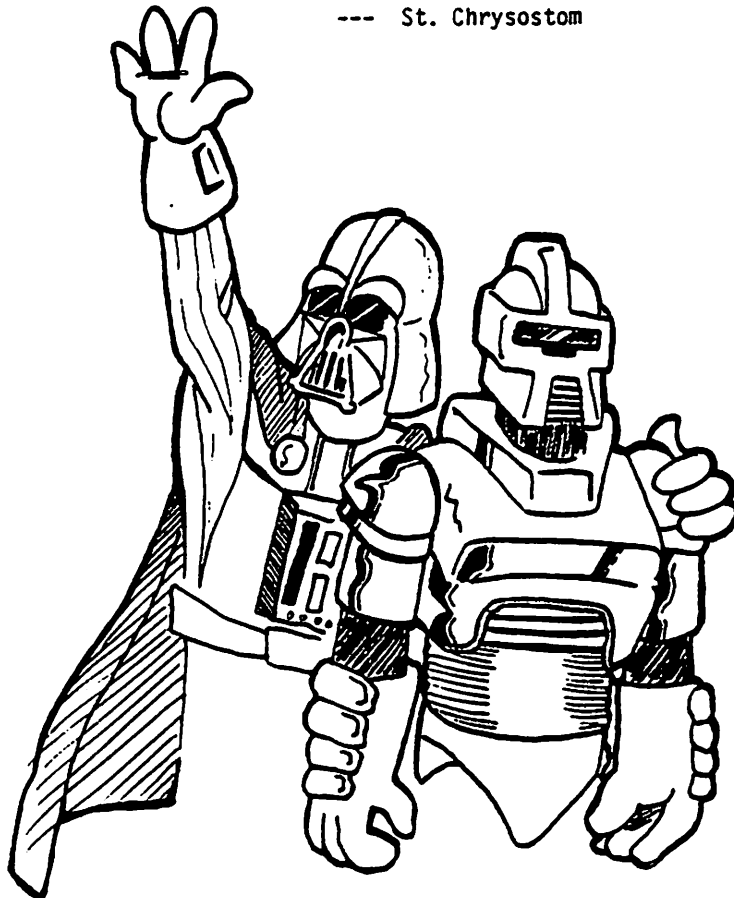
"Say, that's not a bad idea." A familiar twinkle gleamed in his eyes. "It'll do wonders for morale. Boxey, I don't think this 'captain' bit is gonna be such a tough job after all..."

"Wait a centon, Uncle Starbuck, I was just... You've got that look in your eyes again. So help me, if you try any of your stunts, and Grandfather finds out I suggested it..."

The sliding door cut off the rest of their remarks.

Him who is dead and gone,
Honour with remembrance, not with tears.

--- St. Chrysostom



*I can see it now. You, me, The Daleks...
We'd be invincible!*

Medicine in the GALACTICA Universe: A Synopsis

Medicine in the GALACTICA universe is as diverse as on Earth -- if not more so, in view of the very diverse cultures represented on each planet (take Earth's one world times twelve).

Diagnosing illness is different in that much of it is done by noninvasive techniques. Computerized machines operated by technicians can take care of the majority of common problems. These technicians (med techs) are known, in the military especially, by various grades or levels signifying their training or expertise for specific functions or specialities.

As such, physicians have evolved into a more specialized group with deeper scientific backgrounds, compared to med techs, to handle more intricate procedures and situations, especially when the machines break down or don't make sense.

Civilian medicine is different in that the practice of medicine has to be skewed in regard to the particular culture and religion of the Colony being served. The military uses a more generalized form or composite of the various types of Colonial medicine, with services on any particular ship or base reflecting the more dominant culture represented by its personnel.

The basic structure, however, is a hierarchy of command that allows smooth operation, but gives chances for advancement within one's station based upon the amount of training, experience, and responsibility required. Based on current (late twentieth century) Western military systems, the Life Centre personnel fall into three basic categories: Med Tech, Physician, and Scientist/Engineer. The particulars in regards to ranking, assignments, and duty specifications are summarized in the following table.

Respectfully submitted by
Doctor Zandra,
Battlestar OSIRIS

Life Centre Ranking, Assignments, and Duty Specifications of Personnel

1. General Category: Med Tech

A) Level One: I

Ensign to Sergeant
Aides/Orderlies
Minor procedure technicians

Transport/Supply personnel
Data collection specialists
Personnel-in-training
Other

B) Level Two: II

Corporal to Sergeant
Emergency medical technician/Corpsman

C) Level Three: III

Sergeant to Captain
Diagnostic technician
(includes specialized testing and basic monitoring)
Major procedure technicians
Pharmacist aide
Dental aide

D) Level Four: IV

Lieutenant and up
Nutritionist/Dietician
Pharmacist
Dental technician (hygienist)
Section chief/Head-tech
Advanced diagnostic and procedure specialist
(equivalent to RN, screening of cases and some therapy,
requires Academy and specialized training)

E) Level Five: V

Captain and up
Technician practitioner
Physiotherapy technician
(requires Academy and specialized training plus prior
experience at Level Four)

2. General Category: Physician/Doctor/Healer

Captain and up
Surgeons/Operator -- subspecialties
Diagnosticians -- subspecialties
Acute Care and Recovery -- mobile/stationery
Academician -- basic science/applied science
Psychophysiologist
Rehabilitation
Alien
Special Environment/Occupational/Industrial
Dental
Ocular
Pathologist -- clinical/surgical
Other

3. General Category: Scientist/Engineer

A) Level One: I

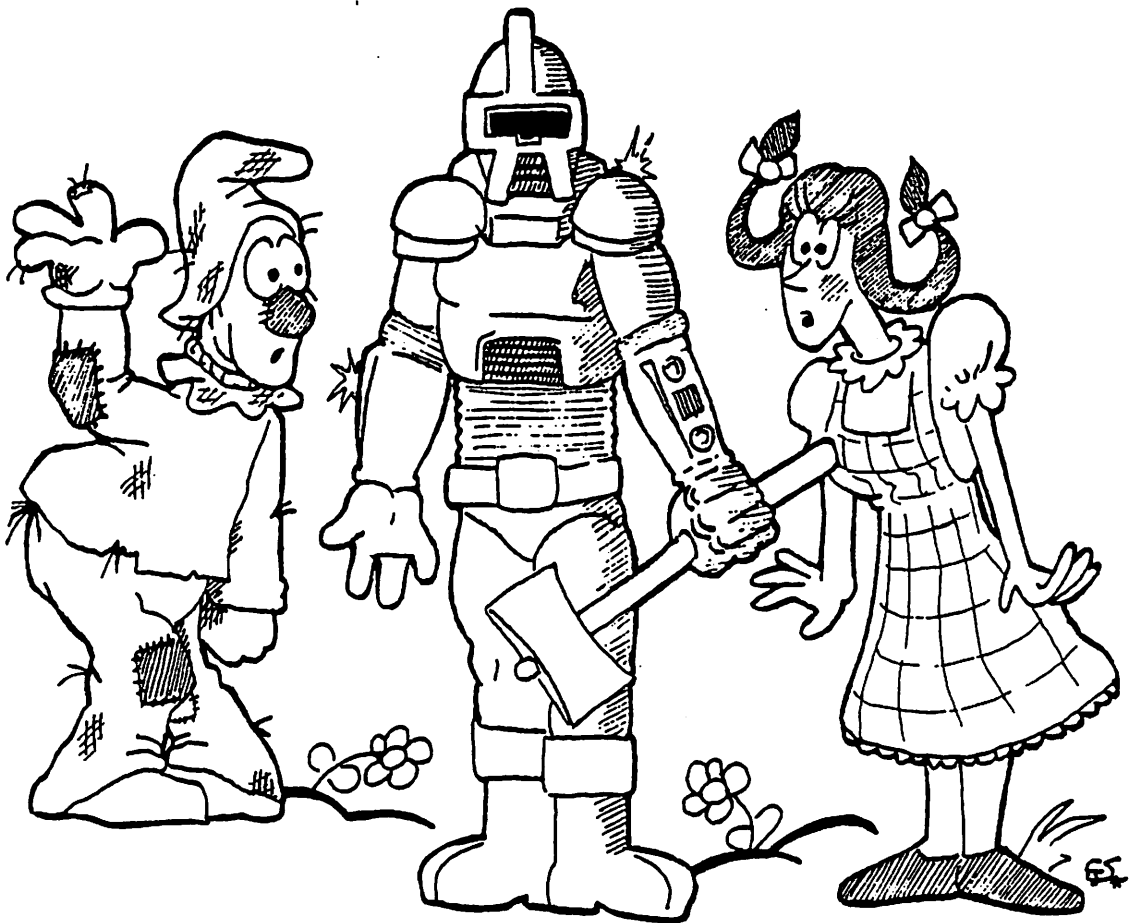
Ensign to Sergeant
Research aide/Technician

B) Level Two: II

Lieutenant and up
Research specialist
Engineer
(Academy degree, equivalent to Med Tech IV)

C) Level Three: III

Captain and up
Research Scientist/Engineer
(Advanced Academy degree/specialized training,
equivalent to Physician's)



"I THINK HE SAID 'OIL CAN'!"

"David"

(by J. D. Rich)

"It's not that I was trying to avoid you, Sergeant. It's just that I'm not really 'combat personnel' yet, so the recording didn't seem all that important, and it slipped my mind..."

"Just make the bio, David," Sergeant Alexandra said. She stood by the door, as if she expected him to make a run for it.

Cadet David sighed as he sat down in front of the recording machine. He knew Alexandra wouldn't leave until he started the biographic recording. She'd been very insistent that he make it -- in fact, his ear still hurt from her grip as she dragged him from his practice in the gym.

"OK, Sergeant, but I..."

"No more excuses, cadet," she stated flatly, blocking any further attempts on David's part to bait her. He knew when to leave off, and the Sergeant was obviously reaching her teasing limit.

"Yes, ma'am." He sighed again, and turned back to the terminal. Gathering his thoughts, he punched the button marked "RECORD." "Personal bio, Cadet David."

Alexandra nodded to herself and left, closing the door behind her.

"I was born on Virgon twenty-two yahrens ago," he began. "My father is, or was, Major Josiah, retired, late of the Colonial Special Forces. My mother, Lisabeth, was an artist; she worked with paints and ceramics. She died four yahrens or so before the Destruction. I don't know whether my father survived the attack or not.

"I was rescued by a group of Warriors from the OSIRIS, and joined pilot training. Currently, I have almost finished my cadet training. Due to the martial arts and swordsmanship training I received from my father, I have also joined in training for Security. Ummm... Well, I guess that's it."

David reached forward and switched off the machine. The short recording brought back a lot of memories, and he wondered if he should record them, too.

"Why not?" he said, switching the machine on again.

* * * * *

Personal log, Cadet David -- voice code retrieval only. My official bio was kind of bare of detail, so I've decided to fill it out a bit in my personal log. I don't know why I left some of it out -- I mean, it doesn't really matter now, but I guess the habit of secrecy is too well rooted in me.

My father wasn't just a Special Forces Officer; he was also, well...to put it bluntly, a spy. The

group he worked with was sent in whenever there was a need for "sneaking and peeking," as he liked to put it. Each member of the team had a speciality. Dad's was opening things; they called him "Locksmith." Mom used to tease him about it. She'd hand him a jar with a stuck lid and say, "You're the expert, open it."

I picked up a lot from him. He loved swords of all sorts. I used to sit for hours and stare at his collection, longing to touch one. I did, once. It was a beautiful long, straight sword with one razor edge. Of course, I cut myself. There was blood everywhere. It wasn't all that bad; the medic put in a few stitches, and I was fine, though I still have the scar. Mom freaked a bit and started scolding me about playing with things I didn't understand.

However, after Dad punished me, he decided that if I was old enough to pick up a sword and get cut with it, I was old enough to learn to use it so it wouldn't happen again. I remember my first lesson -- the sword was almost bigger than I was! And, oh, how my arms ached afterward...

Another thing Dad taught me was self-defence. He always said that he wanted me to be able to take care of myself in case he wasn't around. I always thought he meant that I should be able to protect myself and Mom in case he wasn't home. When I found out what he really did, I realized he meant he might not come home...

I guess the most important thing Dad taught me wasn't how to fight. It was how not to fight. He showed me that, most of the time, you can get out of trouble by not getting into it. He taught me to go unnoticed. If people are looking for a fight, and they don't notice you as someone who's ready for one, you don't have to hurt them, and there's less chance for you to be hurt.

I didn't really understand what he meant until my first opportunity for a fight came up. I was about twelve, and my dad was "out of town -- on business." My mom and I heard a noise downstairs, and went down to investigate. I knew that if there was anybody down there, I'd trash 'em.

That is, until I saw our burglar. I saw him, I saw his knife, and I froze. In a flash, I realized what my dad meant when he talked about getting hurt. Practicing with him in the basement on mats was one thing, but this was real. Looking back, I guess I could have done a little damage before he killed me.

The burglar turned when he heard us, and smiled when he saw it was just a woman and a kid. He sneered, and told us to get back upstairs, and we wouldn't get hurt...much.

I never saw my mother move. One micron, she was standing by me; the next, the burglar was getting a beautiful view of the ceiling, and my mom was keeping him there -- holding his own knife at his throat. After the police left, I asked her when Dad had taught her martial arts. She laughed a little, put her hands on my shoulders, looked in my eyes, and said, "He didn't. I learned the same place he did. After all, how do you think we met?"

We talked a long time after that. My mother had been a part of Dad's team, but quit when I was born. I felt closer to my mom after that night than I ever had before.

It was the job she quit that caused her death. I was away at a friend's house, and Mom and Dad came home late from a party one night. Someone had planted a bomb in the garage. It killed my mom, and cost my dad his right leg.

Dad retired after that, saying his replacement leg would never work as well as his real one. They asked him to stay on as an advisor, but he refused. He did go on one more mission, though, to find the people who set the bomb.

He did...

We survived somehow. Dad and I spent a lot of time together. I think he kept some contacts with S. F., but basically, he retired fairly peacefully, which gave us time to really get to know each other. He made me keep up with my martial arts training and fencing. I'm glad he did; it kept my mind occupied, and gave me an outlet for my energy. He liked to say that I probably wouldn't ever need my skills, that my puns could incapacitate anyone.

The last time I saw him was on the morning of the day the treaty was to be signed. He said he was going to visit some old friends. I decided to walk in the woods and practice a bit before watching the big celebration. I'd gotten into the habit of going off by myself, far away from the city and crowds, so I drove way out into the country. I guess time got away from me, because the next thing I knew, the air was filled with screaming Cylon Raiders.

I got undercover the best I could, and after the initial attack, I tried to make it back home. I was never more happy that Dad taught me to live off the land and move unnoticed. I always seemed to be dodging Cylons!

I finally made it home, and found our house in ruins. I don't know if Dad had been there or not. I searched through the rubble, and saved a bit of Dad's sword collection, but not much more.

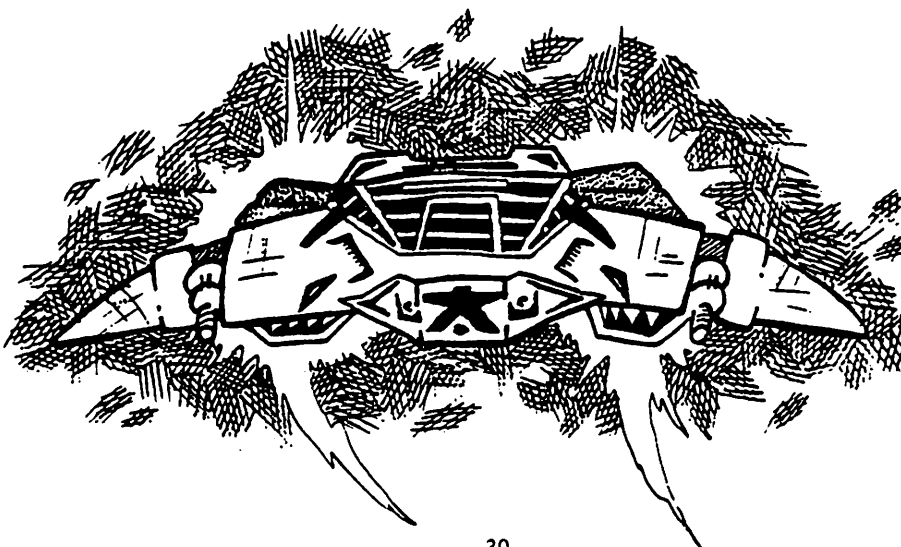
It was sectors before I got into real trouble. One day, rooting through the ruins of our house again, I heard a twig snap -- that's all that saved me from being fried. I jumped behind a pile of rubble, and a bolt from a Cylon laser just missed me. I'd gotten distracted, and a Cylon patrol had surrounded me. I decided to get to some better cover, and got ready to run for it.

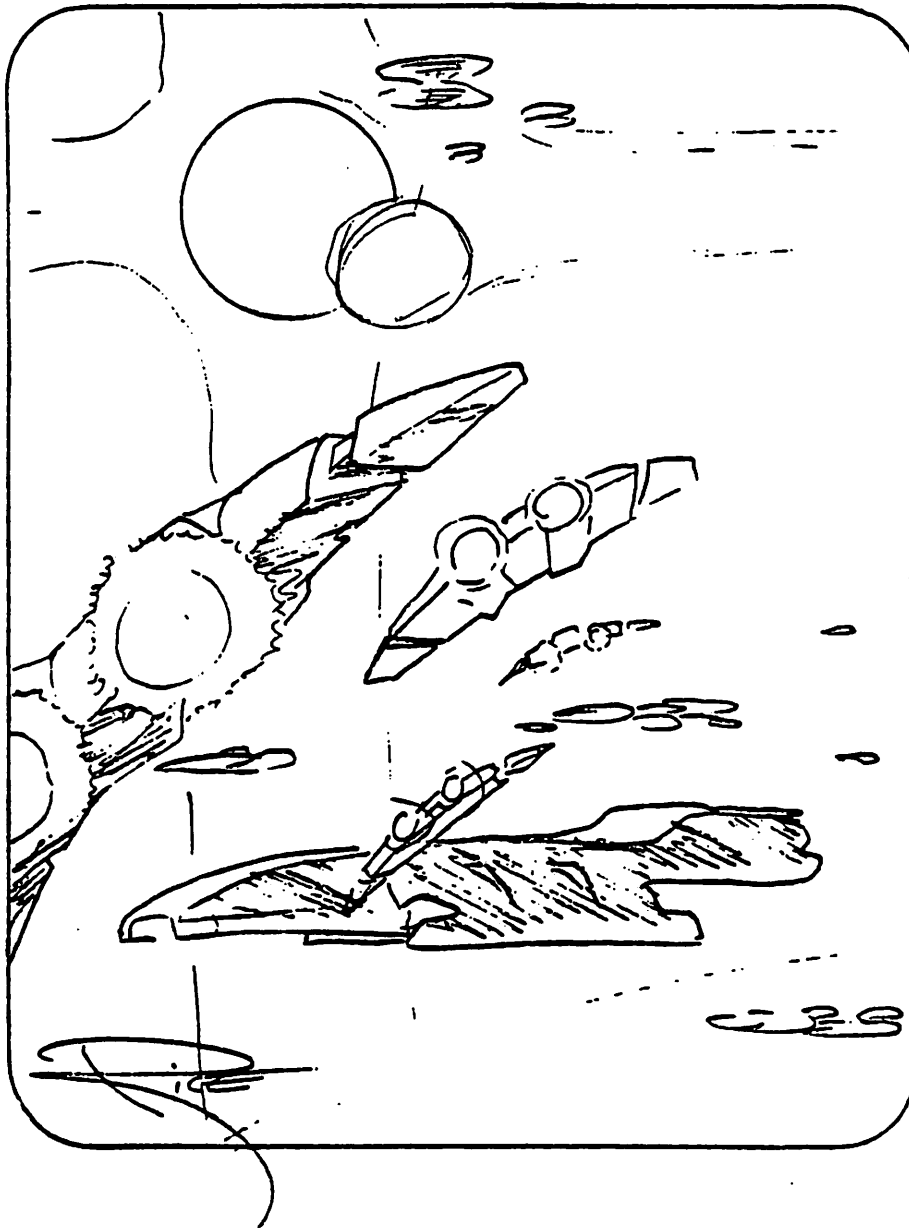
Just as I was set to take off, another Cylon came around what was left of the side of the house right in front of me. He raised his laser, and I figured I'd had it. I flinched when I heard the shot, then realized I wasn't dead. The Cylon, however, was a slowly toppling pile of slag. I peeked out, and saw a group of Colonial Warriors finishing off the rest of the patrol.

What really freaked me out was that the Warriors were from the OSIRIS. We had to get going, so I couldn't search any more. I couldn't take much with me, but I kept my father's swords.

Anyway, I joined cadet pilot training, and since I had martial arts experience, they let me train for Security, too. It's rough, but it's almost over -- thank the Lords!

Meanwhile, we chase the GALACTICA. It's funny, I really want to find her -- but at the same time, I don't. Once we catch up, I'll know for sure whether or not Dad made it. Until then, I can hope.





"Battlestar"

(By Karen Klinck)

Gracious, serene, a monarch of the stars;
Adama is your master, and yet, your slave.
Last of your kind, you guide and protect
A host of others -- the oddities, the few
Collected in those dark centers after the battle.
Tigh seconds Adama on your lonely bridge.
Into the unknown you sail,
Confident in your power.
You fight alone against mankind's enemies.



BATTLESTAR
HIROSHIMA??

"Battlestar HIROSHIMA??"

(By Gordon Smuder)

In case you haven't noticed, we are being invaded. Not by aliens or by giant, slimy insectoid mutants -- but by cartoons. Little by little, Japanese animated cartoon series, called Japanimation by many convention goers, have been popping up around the United States.

All of which have been translated into English, resulting in that common problem of moving lips not matching spoken words. This, of course, is just fine -- mainly because, upon close examination, one finds that many American-made cartoon characters' lips do not match their words, either.

The cartoon STAR BLAZERS, formerly titled SPACE CRUISER YAMATO, made its appearance several years ago and has been seen in most major cities in America. (If you haven't seen it, put in a request at your local science fiction convention films department. If it's not available, somebody there should at least be able to tell you about it!)

Anyhow, with this continued invasion, interesting questions come to light. What if STAR WARS, DOCTOR WHO, or, yes, even that all time favourite, ICE PIRATES, were created in Japan? Then, in a blinding flash, the most important question of all hits the surface. What if BATTLESTAR GALACTICA had originated in Japan?

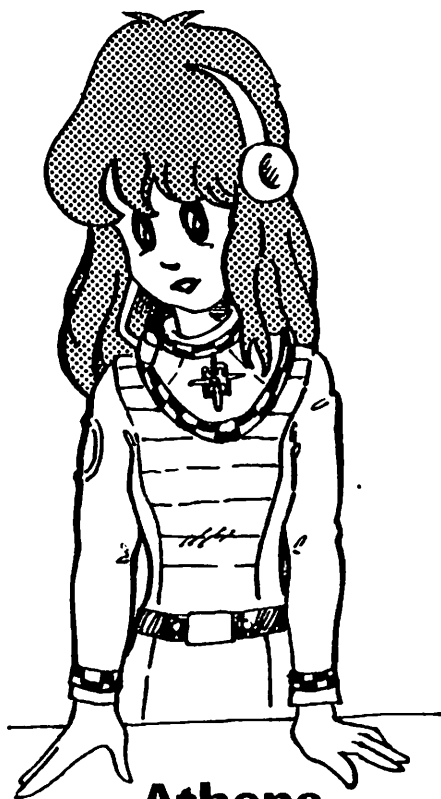
I have tried to explore that possibility. The results aren't Earth-shattering -- or Caprica-shattering, for that matter -- but they do bring to our attention some universal truths about Japanese animation style.

Most obviously, if BATTLESTAR GALACTICA had been created there, it would probably have been animated. Animation is a cheap way to bring to the screen the ideas laid out in the script. Its being animated would lead to all of the characters looking extremely American. Every one would have a boy or girl-next-door face and continually windswept hair -- even when indoors -- and a set of eyes that would make a hush puppy jealous.

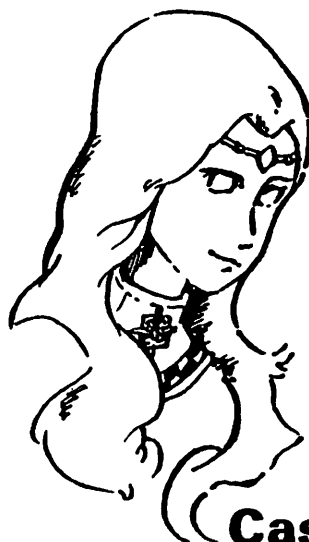
Of course, there are always exceptions to this rule, and in "Japanimation" this is extremely true. There are always those supporting characters that resemble short frog-like people or the tall, thin cowboy types who occupy positions of authority.



Starbuck



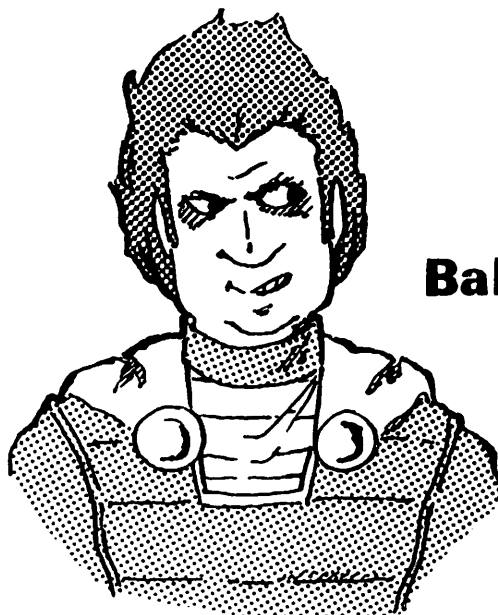
Athena



Cassiopeia



Adama

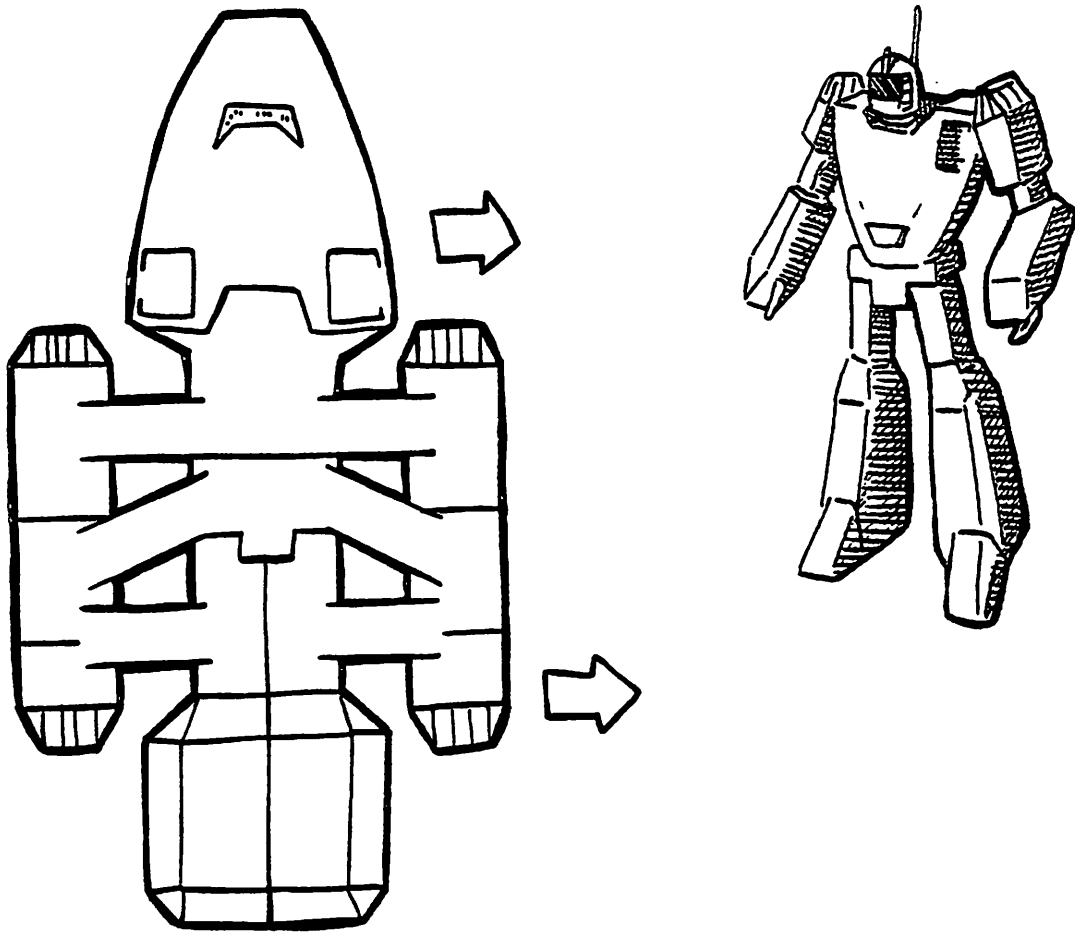


Baltar



Boxey

After this, the second Japanese script prerequisite would be worked into the story: giant robots. The battlestar would probably be given the ability to miraculously transform itself into a 1,000 meter tall attacker robot, whilst the Colonial Viper would transform into some sort of oversized, android battle armor.



The Cylons, instead of being eight feet tall and mean, would end up roughly the size of Godzilla, and meaner. They would undoubtedly have eyes that shoot mysterious red beams, and their base ships, built on an even greater scale to accommodate the giant Cylon warriors, would also become giant robots.

Now, while following out this chain of silly thoughts, comes the final stupidity. Even Muffit (is nothing sacred?) would undergo metamorphosis at the hands of the Japanese designers. Not only would he be the mechanical representation of a daggit, he probably would also be able to transform, on command, into a mini-bike or go-cart for Boxey.

As much as I am a fan of Japanese animated cartoons, and even more so of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, I have realized through my observations that both have their place.

And that place is definitely not together.

PARTY



— SCOTTIE SUMMERS —

GUNNERY NOTES: "Party"

(by Clyde Jones)

Things were going from bad to verse.

We, a closely-knit bunch of mad-persons, had a party to conduct, and an obscene poetry contest to judge, and a victory over a Cylon garrison to celebrate (and a few comrades to sing into the final silence), and too many critters (including a dire wolf) to fit into anyone's room. There was already a party raging down in the mini-forest, which we didn't feel like joining, so what were we to do when they shut down the Open Mess and the Officers' Club? (The latter had taken half a centar and a squad of ship's Security, but nonetheless, it had been snut down.)

We naturally gravitated toward the largest single space onboard the OSIRIS inhabited by one of our group. That happened to be my Cage. A few of the party hadn't been there before, so they took a bit of time to acclimate.

I know the general impression the ship has of the Cage. "Jones's rather large and chaotic work-room, with a cot in the corner and a 'fresher down the hall." Right? Kind of. The first thing people see is the workshop, and there is a 'fresher down the hall.

The newcomers had a fine time staring at the hand-built machinery and power tools I'd rescued from metals-reclamation and rebuilt. They admired the sturdy workbenches made from old packing crates, and the free-standing life support system I built to cope with this area's lousy ventilation and vagrant vent failures. Then they got taken into the Labyrinth.

Now, this "Cage" of mine is a former control and maintenance area for the number two main laser turret. It was closed off yahrens ago, due to lack of use, after all the turrets were completely automated. That left an enormous area of rooms and chambers snaking around the shell of the turret that were used for nothing more than incidental storage. Just right for a slightly odd Gunnery Sergeant to make into a home away from home. I got unofficial official permission to work over the area (everyone else had forgotten the extent of the space) and use it as an informal workshop. I tend to work on odd projects too low in priority (or too arcane) for the regular shops, and take up a few small projects for the Commander and his cohorts. They don't care what I do there, as long as I don't jeopardize the ship and its crew.

Some of the party-goers weren't ready for the party suite that opened off that workshop.

You know, it is amazing the number of genuine wood crates that stuff gets packed in for shipment to a battlestar. And once they're opened, the wood is kind of abandoned. I found most of the stuff in one corner of the Cage when I moved in, and I used it all. I sliced some of the wood down to thin panelling, and plated the entire rather large chamber with it. The tables and chairs were made from the crate corner posts and slats, and the drapes and wall hangings were converted from old parachutes that had gone beyond their rated service life.

The 'fresher opening off the foyer -- I tinkered that together from parts of an obsolete shuttle craft (which I also found the remains of, back in a corner) and connected to my little life

support system. The micro-mess next to the breakfast nook could handle a couple dozen orders almost at once, and the inevitable spacing between different courses lent a nice leisurely pace to dining. The fact that part of its internal workings happened to be a high quality fractionating still didn't hurt.

So we staggered in, and the party renewed itself with increasing vigor. Also increasing inebriation. The little auto-med in still another corner -- left over, like the mess, from the command station -- insured that none of our party would suffer terminal mummification or complete tissue dissolution.

It happened to be a few centars from ship's morning when a bit of drifting space debris revealed itself to be a Cylon force mine. The blast crippled the ship's overall sensor network, frightened the pogeers out of most of the crew, and stove in the access corridor to the Cage. It took out our main power conduit, air and fluids recycle lines, and commlinks. It also churned up the surrounding area so that Turret #2 was left almost hanging loose in deep space, connected to the OSIRIS only by main structural supports and the main feed channel to the turret's fire system.

Most of the skin plates and light duty interior panels were scrambled beyond use. You can't expect a thin sheet of alloy, meant to present a smooth outer skin or convenient interior division, to stand up to a major hit from a mine. That's why main travel corridors and interior crew compartments are built heavily and in a modular manner. The OSIRIS could lose all its skin plates and be left a very odd-looking tangle of corridors and chambers with large masses for the main systems areas, and still function. We would lose all the auxilliary spaces and lots of minor storage, but nothing absolutely critical.

That chunk of wreckage sheering off the access corridor to the Cage was just mischance. We were still safe and stoned in the body of the turret. But totally cut off from the ship.

* * * * *

"Damage report."

"Commander, the mine seems to have caused large scale disruption to the K-2 quadrant of the hull. Turret #2 is operational. Surrounding ancillary areas are open to space. Repair will take a section, but involves mainly panel restoration and body work. No critical systems out of service."

"Personnel loss?"

"Sir, no crew duty stations were in that immediate area. No official quarters. No reported loss of life. Minor injuries."

"What about the 'Cage'?"

"I'm sorry, sir. No contact. And we've been too busy with the Cylon patrol that followed the mine to dig in there."

"Very well, Colonel. Carry on. I guess he'll have to get out of this one on his own. He usually manages."

"Ah, sir?"

"Yes, Colonel?"

"We do seem to have a higher than usual number of misplaced personnel. A few too many people not

at emergency stations."

"Frak. Delay search until the hostiles are taken care of."

"Aye, sir. All personnel to remain at standard emergency stations."

A strange guess as to identities of the missing personnel and their probable location floated through Commander Christopher's mind. The thought was quickly banished as the Cylons attacked.

* * * * *

"My head hurts."

"My ears hurt."

"Everything hurts."

"What the frak hit us?"

"Don't know," I finally responded to the question. "Harn, check the intership com. Someone's got to know something."

"Hey, Jones, the com's dead, and the system status panel is out. Judging by what I can't see, we're cut off."

"Oh, frak." I heaved myself out of the tangled couch and stepped around a couple of feebly stirring members of the party. The shockwave had thrown us around pretty thoroughly. I'd wound up on...or in...maybe under an overturned couch with a couple of slightly stunned female techs. I worked my way out slowly.

The brief period of zero-g when the grav-grids went out really hadn't helped matters much. That couch, tangled in its satinoid ex-parachute drapings, had taken off like a drunken Hualla bird and ricocheted gently around the place, colliding with other pieces of furniture, inebriated bodies, a dire wolf, and other bits of miscellania. Fortunately, the emergency systems cut in slowly, to prevent injuries to loose personnel, so all and sundry had come out more or less intact. One young Warrior, however, seemed to have come to ground under the dire wolf, who was frantically trying to climb into his lap. The wolf massed more than he did.

I stumbled over to the intercom station tacked to one wall. I thumbed the "go" button. Zilch. I flicked a micro-toggle glued to its surface, and the system went over to internal batteries. The plate glowed, and cleared to show a chunk of corridor with stars visible through a hole in the roof.

"Merciful Mother McKree!"

We'd been holed. I ran for the entry to the Cage. It was sealed, and I heard no whistling to indicate any leaks around the airseals. I looked around for, and finally found, a surface pinger set, and began checking the floor and wall areas adjoining non-Cage sections of the ship. The gadget fed an acoustic pulse into and through the wall, and listened for the echo; it could tell if there was atmosphere on the other side. It found nothing but vacuum.

"Holy felgercarb. We're cut off from the ship, but good," I announced. "Nothing around the place but vacuum. Grab leak-kits and go over every inch of the place. If we're leaking, we're dead."

Such of the party as were mobile grabbed the air motion analyzers and dispersed, looking for breath-robbing leaks. Although some of them got lost in the back areas of the Cage, we found nothing major. The minor leaks were easily sealed over. The portable life-support package was overloaded, but coping. We had a chance of life. We were also thoroughly trapped.

"No suits?" one half-sober and somewhat-thinking person asked.

"No suits," I responded.

"No emergency breathers?"

"None."

"Are we out of booze?"

"Never. I make my own."

"Plenty of food?"

"Yep. Recycle if we need to."

"So, plenty of water, plenty of air?"

"Right."

"Let's keep on partying."

That was the best idea he'd had yet. We couldn't get out. We could hear ship's systems operating, so we knew others were still alive. We could afford to wait.

But after the first few days...

"I," I said clearly, but with a fine and delicate edge of spifflication, "am bored."

"You don't love us anymore?" whispered the lovely young Warrior, currently clad in a diaphanous gown made from a defunct parachute.

"Dear, I love you. Often. But not all the time. And I feel trapped. What's going on out there?" I started pacing through the inner chambers of my Cage. I kept pacing for quite a while. I think my attractive young lady got dizzy watching me. To the right. A couple paces up the right wall. Turn. Down. To the left. Up the left wall. Turn. Down. (The grav system was on low power to conserve energy. It made for some interesting inter-personal activities. And the dire wolf loved it, bouncing around the party suite.)

"Shuttlecraft."

"Beg pardon, love?" came a dizzy but adorable voice from the couch.

"Shuttlecraft!" I was halfway up the right wall, but slowly sliding down. "Shuttlecraft! We can get the bugger flying again!"

"Dear, you need a rest. Have some nice M'dori, and come back to... Dear?"

I dashed out of the room, shouting for everyone to listen to me. After a few interested stares, I

ran back and put on my clothes.

My dear friend must've resigned herself to complicity with my madness. She put on her uniform and followed me.

A group gathered, and I made my announcement.

"We've been stuck here for three days. We can't get out because we're surrounded by evacuated areas, and we don't have any breather gear. But we do have a space craft."

"We've got a what?" The answering murmur from the assembled, mummified crowd of partiers rose like surf at the edge of the ocean.

"Most of the parts for the 'fresher and the L. S. system came from the remains of an M-class shuttle-boat I found in an old transfer chamber next to the hull surface. It was apparently brought in for stripping and recycling, and forgotten. I think the engines are still usable, and there's still fuel. That's what's keeping us going, now -- power from the shuttle's generator feeding into that bank of storage cells. If we jury-rig the controls and tune the engines, we might be able to get out of here. What the frak, it'll keep us from going totally batty." At least, those of us who weren't already totally batty.

"Can we get to the shuttle from in here?" asked one bleary voice.

"Yup. It's in one of the farthest rooms. Other side of the turret. Who's with me?"

Mutters of agreement floated down from hammocks strung about the ceiling, and from the couches along the walls. My pack of inebriates straggled off to do the undoable.

* * * * *

"Commander?"

"Yes?"

"Engineering reports the damage to the engines has been repaired. The last of the major problems have been cleared up, and all Cylon wreckage removed from Alpha Landing Bay. It should be operational in a few centars."

"Convey my respects to Major Jason, and ask him to make that a few centons. We need everything ready for a return engagement with the hostiles. We still haven't found their base star, and we've got to be at full readiness if they come back. Those suicide attacks are more than I really like to face."

"Aye, sir. Can we spare men to run a search for the missing crew, sir?"

"Not yet. All we'd likely find is their bodies, anyway. Maintenance and Damage Control have full priority."

"Aye, sir."

Commander Christopher wanted to search for the missing crew. Some of his most useful Crash/Rescue team were missing, including that madman with the pipes. They could have used him and the rest of the team during the days of the running battle. The constant small attacks were driving the crew mad.



— SCARLETT SUMMERS —

* * * * *

"Jones, if you tell me again that that...thing...is an engine, I'll have to believe you. I won't want to, but I'll have to."

"Yes, that is an engine, and yes, we are going to repair it. And pass me some more rocket juice. I'm getting sober again."

"Yeah. You've got to stay stoned just to consider trying this crazy stunt. Please pass the spanner."

I passed her the spanner. Happily, most of our trapped party had training in damage control and systems maintenance. We may have all been slightly drunk, but we were all still working. We were spurred on in our endeavours by the occasional sound of explosions and hooters faintly audible through the structure of the ship. Something was going on out there, and we were getting really inquisitive as to what. We were also getting desperate to get back to our duty stations. If our space-going home was under attack, we wanted a chance at the attackers.

We continued to weld, and tune. To rebuild, and hammer. To gently tease new parts into place, and hammer old ones out. We worked with amazing concentration for people who were slightly spifflicated at all times.

And we got it done.

* * * * *

"It-is-unwise-to-be-afoot-upon-the-outer-skin-of-this-battlestar."

"The-command-centurian-has-ordered-it-destroyed. This-seems-the-only-feasible-way-to-accomplish-that-end. Cease-communicating-and-continue-to-carry-the-warhead. It-must-be-placed-exactly-in-relation-to-the-main-tylium-storage-tank. Its-detonation-will-trigger-the-ship's-stores-of-fuel. This-is-certain-to-succeed-according-to-the-strategy-experts."

Two metallic figures continued to clank over the pitted surface of the OSIRIS. Between them they carried an ungainly shape that almost glowed with suppressed power. Moving slowly upon the skin of the vessel, they were all but undetectable to the inhabitants.

* * * * *

"Commander? Engineering reports all systems functional. No problems remain to hamper the ship. Minor repair is all that remains, and that can be left to normal maintenance crews."

"Excellent. Stand at yellow alert for a few more centars. There must be Cylons out there. The last attack smelled very wrong. The Raider that crashed seemed to be going at a mere crawl when the #2 turret got it. It almost hit the turret, even then. And no Cylons in it, that we've found."

"Sir, the command compartment was gone, totally. Any Cylon remains would be scattered along a large stretch of hull."

"Maybe so, Colonel, maybe so."

"And speaking of #2 turret, send a Search and Rescue team to track down Jones's remains. Tell them to go slowly, and check any enclosed spaces for atmosphere. He's probably in that Cage of

his with a case and a half of old ambrosia and a recycle pack."

"Aye, sir. Some of the pilots already miss him and the others. I hope they are still alive, somewhere."

"So do I, Colonel, so do I."

* * * * *

Meanwhile, back in my Cage...

"Fine, just fine! We've finally got this hulk together, we've got enough fuel for about a centar of slow cruising, we've got enough bottled oxy for that long, and we've got the emergency fuel cell operating on ambrosia and moonbeams.

"But we can't get the frakking door open!" She was raving a bit.

"Can we still seal off the in-board hatch to the Cage?" I asked gently.

"Sure, we can get the air-tights closed along the whole corridor to protect the others. But we can't get the hatch locks to release! And the hinges are jammed! And the actuating rams are... Jones, what are you doing?"

I was quietly squeezing a hellacious amount of blasting paste onto the main hatch lock. "Well, in my book, if something won't go easy, force it."

I moved to the auxilliary locking tongs and began decorating them. "Tell the others to lock the hatches real good. I'll blast a small hole in the door panel before blowing the hatch. That'll lessen the shock to the rest of the ship. They'll be safe enough. Probably."

"And what, pray tell, am I to be doing all this time?"

"You, dear Warrior-fem, will be helping me to fly this disreputable gadget."

"Good!" She almost knocked me off my feet with a hearty hug and kiss, and departed through the inner hatches. Soon, I heard the sound of doors closing and latching. My friend (there's really no reason to protect her identity, but I am a gentleman) came through the last doorway, slammed it, and barred it.

True to her training, she tested the seals before boarding the patched-together shuttle.

I finished decorating the last hinge and set the trigger beads. I retreated to the hatch of the shuttle, checked that it was indeed ready to shut and seal, and drew my laser. It took three hefty shots to pierce the plating, and the thin whine of escaping vapour filled the chamber. I fired again, just to be sure, and ducked inside rapidly as a large chunk of door shattered free and went cartwheeling off into space. I slammed the hatch, locked and checked the seals, and then ran forward.

"So, how do we detonate that stuff from in here?" asked my Warrior friend.

"Easy," I told her. "I just connect the detonator to this antenna lead, and presto!"

I pressed the button. Nothing happened. "What the frak...?"

SOLO/NASA SCHOOL OF REPAIR

**"IF ALL ELSE FAILS,
HIT IT"**



"Would it help, oh, master of explosives, if I connected that wire to the antenna? The antenna-connect switch is on the 'o-f-f' position."

I growled at her, and she demurely flipped the switch. I was still holding the button down. As the switch clicked, the hatch quivered to the detonation of the paste. Slowly and majestically, the loosened hatch began to drift off into deep space.

"Now, to see if this thing flies." We began nursing the aged shuttle out of its long-tenanted niche.

"Hey, Jones! Those look like Cylons."

"What?" I looked, and saw two Cylon-shaped blobs of light carrying something bulky between them, walking across the hull of the OSIRIS. "What the flappin' frak are those metal-heads doing out there?"

"I don't know, but they probably shouldn't be there. Shoot them."

"With what? This hulk is unarmed."

"Not since this morning," my amazingly foresighted friend replied sweetly. "I glued a blast cannon to the hull. If I can just remember which button..."

She found the button. Far off across the OSIRIS, a bolt of energy blew chips of paint into interstellar space. Unfortunately, she hadn't had time to bore-sight the thing. Its point of aim was still a matter of conjecture.

My friend and I, in our scavenged mock-warship, spent the next few centons fluttering around the hull of the OSIRIS, fighting our erratic controls, firing our badly-aimed cannon, and dodging pot-shots from the two invading Cylons.

* * * * *

"Commander!"

"What...?"

"Sorry to disturb you, sir, but the rescue party reports the sounds of firing on the hull around Turret #2. They were making a crossing of the damaged corridor when something blew up, and the team leader saw a hatch cover float away from the turret. Then something emerged. Firing. There seem to be a couple of Cylons on the hull..."

"A couple of Cylons where?!"

"On the hull, sir. We're launching fighters to check now, sir. Will you be back on the command deck...?"

"I'm done, I'm done. Keep me posted." A very annoyed Commander Christópher adjusted his fly and bolted from the officers' washroom. No privacy left to a commander any more.

It seemed that Jones was not only alive, but had managed to build a spacecraft out of spare parts, and come looking for the help that hadn't yet come looking for him. It figured!

"Commander's on the bridge," rang out as he trotted onto the command deck.

Colonel Arsenaux wondered why he was laughing.

* * * * *

There was a rather large reception committee waiting on Beta deck for the shuttle from nowhere to land. It consisted of the Commander, his Exec, most of the flight crew, half of the Warriors, and anyone else who could shake loose of his or her post during an alert. The "all-clear -- secure from combat positions" had just rung through the air of the landing deck when the odd shape of an antique shuttle came stuttering and lurching through the force curtain at the far end of the bay. A cheer rang out as it thudded to the deck, and the burbling of its drives died.

They waited expectantly for the hatch to open. It finally did.

First to emerge was a gentle green glow, followed by a gently glowing Gunnery Sergeant. Followed by a carefully walking female Warrior. Followed by the aroma of a whole lot of ambrosia.

"Request permission to come aboard, sir?" asked an unsteady Jones.

"Granted. What's that smell, Jones?"

"Smell? Oh, that... Well, sir, one o' the Cylons managed to hit us 'fore we hit him. Disrupted one o' the fuel cells, and the fuel leaked out. Unfortun'ly, all we had to run with was ambrosia, so the atm'sphere got a bit...eh...thick, sir.

"Could you send 'nother large shuttle back f'r the rest o' the party, sir? They are still in the Cage, and unsup'rvised, sir. I'd hate to have an'thin' happ'n to 'em...

"An' c'n I go somewhere and sit down? Th' ship is rockin'.

"Why is everyone laughin'?"

* * * * *

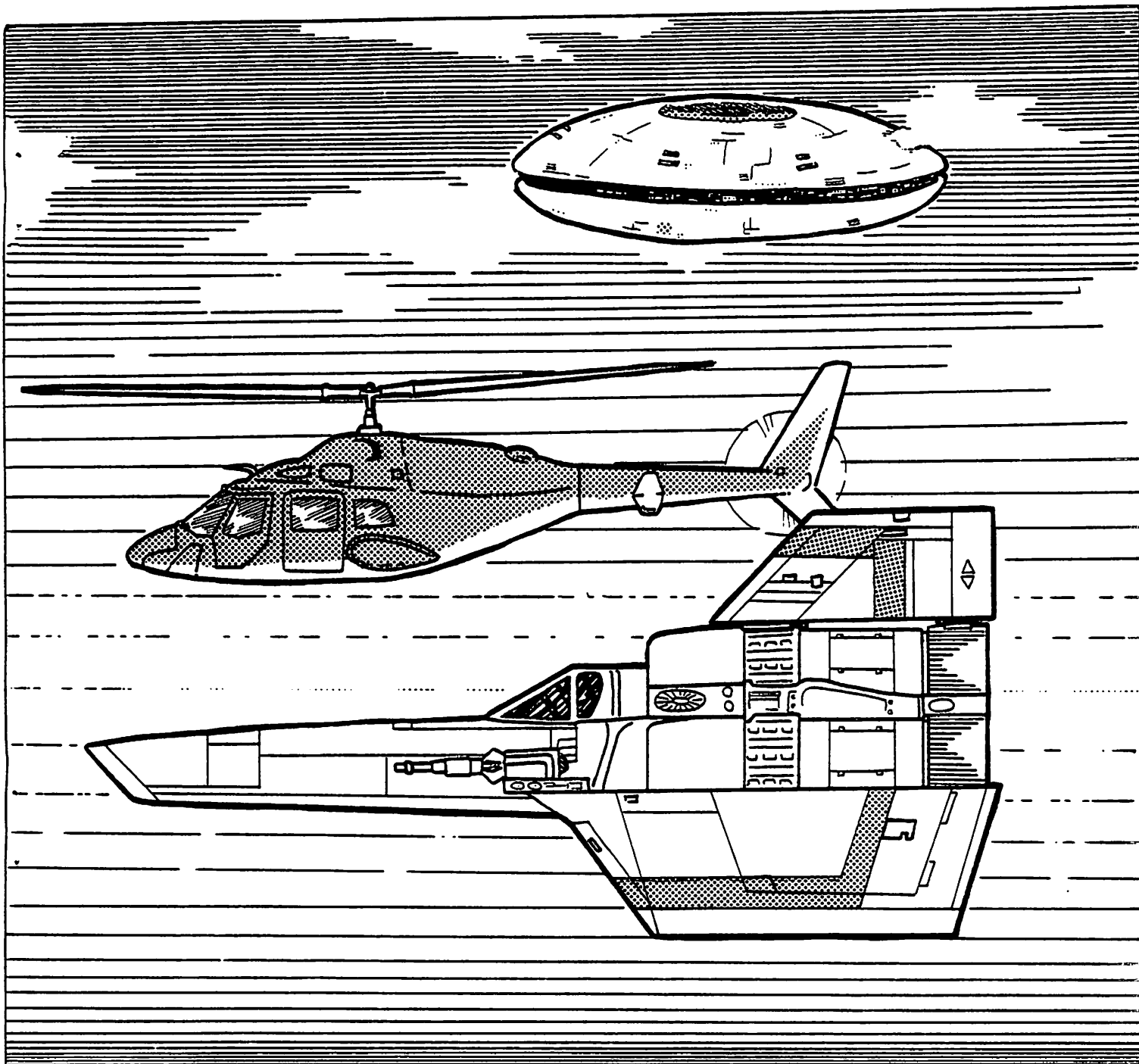
At least, that's how I remember it.

Eventually, the damage got cleared up, and the access to my Cage repaired. The antique shuttle was duly logged aboard the OSIRIS, and a certain Gunnery Sergeant was listed as owner, by right of salvage. The Cylons were eliminated, and their deadly cargo converted to fuel for the antique shuttle. And the party finally broke up.

Even now, yahrens later, you will see an occasional crew person wearing a tiny gold ambrosia bottle on their formal uniforms. The special "ambrosia order" was finally made official by the Commander, following gentle prodding from certain members of the crew.

It was along about the third time he found a tiny silver confectionary bead in his mashed meem fruit...





SURVIVE THE ALLIANCE

by **SHARON MONROE**

SURVIVE THE ALLIANCE

The Visitors approached Earth as friends, seeking raw materials and a food source. It soon became obvious they were not friends, and a human Resistance sprang up against them. Some Visitors formed a fifth column against their own people to protest the treatment of humans as food, and the systematic rape of their planet.

Julie Parrish and Mike Donovan, Resistance fighters, sent a message to the enemies of the Visitors, asking their help. That message was picked up by both human survivors of twelve destroyed worlds, and the Cylons who had destroyed them -- the same Cylons who fought the Visitors across the quadrant. Both sides plotted their course to Earth as the war for that world continued.

On Earth, a Visitor leader, Inspector General Philip, arranged peace. The Leader of the Visitors came to Earth to take Elizabeth Maxwell, the Starchild, hybrid Visitor/human female, as his consort. A shaky truce was in effect when Diana, an ambitious Visitor scientist, and her lover, Lieutenant James, tried to assassinate the Leader and frame the Resistance for it. They were arrested; however, another of her people arranged their escape. Diana's renegade forces dug in on Earth, prepared to continue the war.

The Visitors searched for Diana, while Julie Parrish reorganized Science Frontiers. Philip's attention was distracted by the discovery of Cylons, an old enemy, near Terran space. He and Lydia, his not-entirely-trusted aide, prepared to defend the system and themselves, while concern mounted for the safety of the missing Leader, and the possibility of civil war among the Visitors.

In space, Commander Adama and the battlestar GALACTICA reached Sol, and began survey flights. Captain Apollo and Lieutenant Starbuck were amazed to find themselves fired upon by humans flying a craft known as AIRWOLF. Apollo was shot down, and Starbuck was forced away from his friend.

Meanwhile, the Visitor shuttle, occupied by the Leader, the Starchild, and a human stowaway -- Kyle Bates, who loved the young woman -- avoided the Cylons, but couldn't avoid the bomb Diana had planted earlier. They exploded in a fiery ball.

And that's the state of the war tonight...

Episode Two: "New Frontiers"

(By Sharon Monroe and J. D. Rich)

Baltar studied the incoming reports. Raiders from his task force had successfully attacked and destroyed another of the alien freighters. That raised the tally to five, with almost negligible

losses. The group of three base stars and their fighters he'd been assigned was doing well in surprise attacks against almost completely unarmed ships.

"Ships of the forebearers," he muttered. "So the old Cylons, or some offshoot of them, still exist in the universe. I don't care about them; let the Cylons choose their own enemies. I don't even really care about that planet, Earth, or the fools on it who gave away their location, unless I can find a way to capture and rule the world. What concerns me is Adama, and his Fleet. But I fear, old friend, that you've flown into something you can't handle, another war between humans and Cylons. If not for you, I'd let them fight, and scavenge the leavings. Two old enemies..."

Smiling with anticipation, he studied the star field visible from his quarters. He had sufficient force, now, to take a planet. And he was far enough from the Cylon capital to establish a power base of his own. All he needed to do was encourage the enmity between the metallic Cylons and the flesh-and-green-blood descendants of their long-extinct creators -- if it needed any encouragement. In the meantime, he could make his own arrangements with the inhabitants of the small world. Surely they would welcome him as a saviour, ending the Visitor menace to their planet -- even if the cost was submission to the Cylon Alliance. Trapped between interstellar powers as they were, they would have little choice...

* * * * *

Stringfellow Hawke and Dominic Santini studied the abandoned star fighter. It was long and lean, with three jutting stabilizer fins. The red-and-white craft was a work of art in its simplicity of design, and a sleek, devastating weapon of obvious technological advancement.

"This isn't Visitor," Santini commented in some awe.

"No. I wonder where the pilot went..." The younger man glanced around the dry, open expanse of land. It wasn't desert, but the small shrubs and fissures in the ground offered few places to hide. Whoever the occupant of the ship had been, he'd made himself scarce in a hurry after AIRWOLF's crew warned him down with laser fire.

"So wha'da we do, String? Call Science Frontiers, let 'em know we got some alien ship out here, and t'come fetch it?"

Hawke nodded. The pilot was watching them; he could almost feel the watchful, angry eyes.

"We better check out that other crash, too, I guess. She went down in the canyon north a' here. Better tell Archangel first, though. Mirella's an expert flier. She might be able t'make sense outta this instrumentation -- and she owes us a favour, anyway."

"Yeah. I'll stay here, Dom, and watch things. Go up, and take a look around..."

* * * * *

Starbuck watched as the strange craft shaped like a marine mammal lifted into the air and gained altitude. One of the two men, the younger and more physically capable-looking one, remained with his Viper, obviously ready for trouble. Starbuck doubted he could take the man on in a fair fight, and the sandy-haired man didn't look the type to be snuck up on, especially in this kind of open terrain. Even if his uniform did match the colour of the sand, the Warrior concluded. His only other option, then, was to look for Apollo's crash site, learn if there was any chance his friend survived, and do it before these curious fellows beat him to it.

He slunk away through the alien vegetation and rocks. He had his laser and a small pack, all he'd

been able to grab and run with when the Earth craft hovered down to a landing. But he had his own survival skills from the Academy, and one Hades of a lot of luck. Maybe it would be enough.

And maybe some of it had rubbed off on Apollo. Stranded, without transportation on an alien and potentially hostile world, maybe injured, if he'd somehow survived that crash -- that'd be luck, right there! -- he would need it.

Starbuck quickened his pace.

* * * * *

As security commander, Lydia felt compelled to check the progress of the search for Diana while Philip spoke with Julie Parrish and the other local leaders. The coming Cylons disturbed her, but her personal vendetta wasn't forgotten.

When she saw who was handling the task, she almost fled back to her shuttle in humiliated outrage.

"Well, Commander Lydia," the dark-eyed, threatening human drawled. "So nice of you to visit us again. Been a while since you were our guest."

"Tyler." During the days of the Occupation, Diana had tried to brainwash this man into murdering Mike Donovan. To lure the Resistance leader into the open, a prisoner exchange had been arranged -- herself, in return for Kyle Bates, a suspected member of the Resistance. The public attack was meant to discredit Julie Parrish's forces as well as demoralize the humans. Charles himself had overseen the operation. The plan had failed; Ham Tyler hadn't killed Donovan. Lydia suspected it was the Starchild's intervention that foiled it. She herself took advantage of the following chaos and explosions to escape with Diana and Charles. Her rival had not been pleased; it was one more incident to fuel their mutual enmity. The Leader's emissary, however, had been content, and had simply turned to another plan -- marriage to Diana, which had resulted in his own death.

Lydia was actually mildly surprised that the grim Resistance fighter didn't open fire the second she stepped into the room. He certainly had reason to hate her; and his past, and what they'd learned of him while he was in their custody, suggested that such violence and individual "initiative" would be in keeping with his character. He was a very dangerous man.

Of course, he would hate Diana more than me. She's his primary target, for the time being. She's the one who brainwashed him. She's the one responsible for so much devastation and death on their primitive planet. The humans have so much to learn about what wide-scale destruction really is...

She glanced at his companions as soon as she was certain the man wouldn't shoot her the second her back was turned. "I recognize your friend, Chris Farber, from when I was your...guest, and from the wanted posters. I don't recognize most of the others, but I assume, from their posture and appearance, that those four are Smith and his men?"

Colonel John Smith -- often called Hannibal, for reasons she'd never fathomed, having little knowledge or concern for Earth history or their peculiar choices of nicknames -- and his company were dangerous men, long wanted by the Visitor Security Forces. They'd been part of the L.A. underground long before they became part of the Resistance. They were skilled at weapons, tactics, explosives, and escapes, and they were very expensive mercenaries for hire before the invasion. The audacity of their raids and rescues infuriated the Visitors; nearly every Commander of every Mother Ship suffered some losses in the war from their seemingly reckless activities.

Diana had wanted them almost as much as she'd wanted Donovan and Parrish, but they'd been even more shadowy and elusive than those two, almost mythological, and always slipped away, even in the

most impossible situations. Several times, Lydia had wondered if they were actually responsible for everything attributed to them, or if "the A-Team" was simply a cover name for some broad, globe-spanning organisation of Resistance members.

"Those four" exchanged glances. Then one of them, a slender man wearing an old flight jacket and a black Disney cap with large ears, stepped next to her, looked her up and down, and stated with theatrical conviction, "Many parts of the snake are edible!"

Still watching her, he backed away, producing a small white mouse from his pocket. He stared accusingly as he stroked the small creature. "Don't worry, Mickey. The Rodent Resistance is alive and well..."

"Murdock!"

The man rejoined his companions. The big, husky black man, decked in long chains of gold jewelry, looked ready to tear the thinner man apart with his bare hands.

The fourth man silently stepped away from between them, eyes rolling heavenward, but Smith prevented any further disturbance. Lydia's eyes narrowed as she wondered how much of their apparent animosity was an act, and how much the truth. So, these are Tyler's "contacts of his own," the ones he calls on when he needs extra firepower...

Tyler was genuinely amused at the Visitor's expression. Smith's people often confused and confounded any of the enemy unlucky enough to encounter them.

Lydia's smile at the genial, silver-haired leader was small and tight. "Well, Smith, if you capture Diana, bring us her heart and head. The rest is yours, if your friend is so eager to sample us."

"Cold-blooded, aren't you?" the man replied with an easy grin.

"Of course," she responded evenly. "We're a reptilian species."

His smile broadened, and he pulled out and lit a long, foul-smelling cigar. "I think the lady and I understand each other," he commented to his skeptical comrades. "Ever watch human movies? You and the Aquamaniac ought to get together..."

"He's on the jazz," the blond muttered.

"You here for some reason, besides a personal interest in seeing Diana captured?" Tyler interrupted.

"Isn't that also your personal interest?" she countered. "But to answer your question, I'm accompanying Philip, as his security aide. Since it seems you have no further information on Diana and the renegades, I'll not detain you any longer." Nor will I be an object of your amusement.

"Actually, we think we've got a general fix on one of their camps," Smith commented calmly.

"Tell me!" she demanded with sudden excitement. If I can be present for the kill...

"Not until after our expedition," the husky Farber interrupted. His hand stroked his weapon, a purely instinctive gesture in the company of a possible foe.

She glared at the assembled humans, all obviously wary at her presence, but enjoying her discomfiture.

Tyler spoke lazily. "We have to suspect there may be renegades still functioning on your Mother Ships, as the fifth column did. We'll keep our activities to ourselves, for now."

Insulted, the Visitor officer retreated to fume in private.

* * * * *

Diana was not happy. "This is the best you can do?" she demanded of her two subordinates, glaring at the scattered boxes of supplies and piles of equipment.

"It's not easy, raiding human scientific bases with the people we have, when they're looking for us night and day!" James protested.

Lieutenant Douglas looked more properly chastised by her words.

She knew there was truth to what James said, but she also knew she would need access to more material and information if she were ever to get off this planet and regain her authority. Her enemies had ships, science laboratories, technicians, funds. All she had was a few half-trained warriors and what they could scrounge on a backward planet.

Science Frontiers, she thought hatefully. That place was mine once, to use or destroy, until Philip came with his weak, pacifistic ideas, and convinced the Leader to take that half-breed for a consort. Peace! Between these savages and our glorious race? I'll destroy them all, in time. The Leader must be dead by now, and the Houses in chaos. But I'm the widow of Charles, and that gives me power, the power I crave, if I can get off this rotten egg of a world!

Science Frontiers. Julie Parrish is in charge there now...

An idea insidiously took hold. An attack there might be expected, but what about a quiet infiltration...? Her growing smile was predatory.

"Commander!"

"What is it?" Her impatience showed; she disliked being disturbed. It was one of her lesser underlings, who'd been scouting the area around their concealed camp.

He gestured enthusiastically. The commanding Visitor turned to see two of her scouts supporting a dark-haired, semi-conscious human in sand-coloured clothing. "We have a prisoner, Commander."

She glared. "I gave no orders to take prisoners. Why did you bring him here? You should have killed him in the desert. He may be a spy!"

"I don't think so, Commander. We saw his ship spiral in; we have the pieces. It's too advanced for this primitive planet."

Her eyes widened. "Are you suggesting this human is not of this world?"

"It's possible, Commander."

She studied the captive; he met her gaze unsteadily for several seconds before his eyes closed and he slumped again. Her prior thought returned to her, along with several exciting ideas about

what she could do with this surprise gift the benevolent gods had bestowed upon her.

"Take him to a chamber, and bring medical supplies. I will tend his injuries myself." I know more of human physiology than any of these incompetents. And I need the resources of Science Frontiers now more than ever.

Her pleased expression settled on James and Douglas, who seemed uneasy at her attention. "I will speak to you after examining the human. You may have a mission for this evening."

* * * * *

When they returned to the Mother Ship, Lydia left Philip to check the most recent patrol reports, eager for the opportunity to reassert herself after the way the human Resistance fighters had treated her. She returned in a hasty few moments, alarmed. "Philip, we're picking up unidentified ships in the Earth system. They don't match the Cylon vessels we've seen so far."

"What?"

"They're alien! Completely strange to us." The beautiful security commander had been extremely attentive to her tasks since allowing the prisoners to escape the Mother Ship. Philip had no doubt she'd thoroughly checked out every detail of the vessels they'd spotted.

"They could have made some technological advances we're unfamiliar with -- we don't have immediate access to their laboratories and factories," he suggested with a frown. "And as our usual contact with the Cylons is a death-duel, we may simply be unaware of such a development..."

"I'm aware of those facts, Commander," Lydia interrupted somewhat impatiently. "I examined the sentry reports myself. Whatever technology created those vessels, they're on an equal or slightly better level than the best Cylon ships we've seen. But the design is different -- it's geared for a living occupant. And scans suggest they do indeed carry live creatures!"

Philip's gaze held her like a charmed asp. "You believe they have a new ally for their war with us? Or has your devious brain prepared some other hypothesis to explain this?"

She refused to squirm. "We think the creatures are human."

"Human? Impossible! The species has never been to space. They couldn't possibly have developed our level of technology from out of nowhere. If they stole it from us, where did they hide it? And why didn't they use it in the war?" Secretly, he was shocked, and more than a little nervous. Does she have some information I should be aware of?

"Whatever it is, and it does read human, it didn't come from this system. Telemetry indicates the origin of the craft as somewhere beyond the ninth planet, and likely farther. The ships are small, likely scout craft. We're trying to locate a base ship, but so far, we haven't had any luck."

Philip turned from her, thinking furiously. "If humans are coming from beyond this system, we may have made a terrible mistake in invading Earth. Cylons and humans together -- star-faring, technological humans! -- against us?"

"And we're still cut off from Homeworld."

"The Leader declared peace with the humans. We must make them see..."

"But the Leader may well be dead!" Lydia's expression was grimness marked by near-despair. Their handful of ships, cut off from reinforcements and supplies, perhaps soon to face battle with their deadly ancient enemies, might now also have to answer for their violence to brothers of the world they'd nearly crushed. If the Leader were still alive, with his half-human consort, they might be able to contritely convince the newcomers of their intentions to ensure peace. But with the Leader dead, and with Diana free, and still making trouble, somewhere on Earth...

"Lydia, contact the commanders of the other Mother Ships. Tell them we meet here at dusk-time tomorrow, as on Homeworld. Tell them, on my word, not merely as the Leader's representative. For this time and place, as Raman, as Leader. They come to me."

She drew her breath. Dusk-time! The traditional term for the hour of the hunt. And by naming himself as Leader, on his own word, Philip was calling nothing less than a council of war. But against whom? Raman was the hero, the archetypal warrior of their mythology. The ancient hero had perished in battle, sacrificed for the people. It implied the council might mean a death-struggle, at all costs, and Philip was willing to pay the price.

And if the Leader survived, or a new Leader were invested on Homeworld, Philip would have to answer for that action. If the Leader disapproved, the Inspector General would die the death of a traitor and a mutineer -- if he survived whatever plot he contemplated.

Lydia was a warrior. She had been decorated by the Leader himself, not long before being assigned as security commander to Diana's forces here. She knew her duty. She obeyed.

* * * * *

Starbuck hiked across the dry, stony terrain for centars. He hadn't thought it would take long to reach Apollo's crash site, but he'd forgotten to allow his body time to adjust to different gravity and atmosphere. He felt stronger here, so the gravity was obviously less -- but the air was correspondingly thinner. It left him light-headed, and he tired quickly. He had to stop for frequent rest periods.

The sun was low before he reached the shallow canyon where his friend had gone down. Sliding intentionally down the steep slope, rocks skipping merrily alongside him, he was wearily pleased that he didn't tumble out of control or break any bones. What few first aid supplies he had couldn't be wasted on simple fractures or bruises; he had no idea how badly Apollo might be injured. Until he knew if the man was alive, he intended to hoard every drug and bandage.

In the shadows on the opposite side of the ravine, he found wreckage. The sheared, heat-stressed shards were scattered across scorched stones. Tylum had fueled the fires that glazed the sand to ceramic smoothness. Grief-stricken, the Lieutenant knelt among the strewn litter in the sad half-light. Nothing could have survived.

After a time, he began to search more thoroughly through the littered pieces of Viper and heat-shattered stone. Surely there should be some evidence somewhere of a human being, some small bit of proof -- although he had no doubts of Apollo's fate...

It slowly filtered into his numbed mind that there was really very little debris on the canyon floor. It was as if the site had already been cleared...

"Lords of Kobol..." The thought sank in. Perhaps the crew of the vessel that shot them down had already been here. Perhaps scientific teams had already arrived, and now possessed evidence that star-faring humans had come to this world from somewhere else...

"If they were already here, and if Apollo was alive then... They may have him! They may have taken him to a medical station!" His spirits lifted magically, and he glanced around hopefully.

"But maybe they're taking him for interrogation..." Worry speared his buoyant mood, deflating it almost instantly. Ever one to gamble on the odds, he forced himself to think optimistically. "But at least he has a chance. If he's alive, I can always rescue him."

Distant lights unexpectedly flashed into view, and he heard the roar of some approaching engine. Diving for cover, Starbuck watched intently, wondering if the occupants of the planet were returning to examine the site once more, or if he was the one they now tracked.

After some moments, a small ground car approached rapidly, its small front lights illuminating the trackless soil it crossed. The short, sleek, midnight-black wheeled vehicle pulled to a halt near the scattered wreckage, its front beams reflecting from the fused sand and sharp metal debris.

A man in dark clothing clambered out and carefully stepped into view in front of the vehicle, carrying a lantern of some kind. He had dark, curly hair and a muscular build, and Starbuck could detect, even at a distance and in the growing dark, that this, like the young man he'd seen earlier in the day, was not somebody to be trifled with.

If this planet produces a lot of men like this, the Warrior thought, impressed, they'd make great allies against the Cylons. But if the invaders of Earth are winning in spite of them, what good...?

"KIT?" the man spoke clearly into the night.

"Yes, Michael?"

Starbuck started at the carefully modulated voice. He saw no one else around. Who's answering?

"Set your scanners for maximum gain. I'm going to take a look around. Keep your eyes and ears open -- pardon me, keep your computers humming..."

"Michael, I may be 'just a computer,' as you put it, but I am certainly aware of the necessity for caution under the circumstances. Might I recommend that you do likewise? Although your human eyes and ears will do a far less effective job of studying the site than I will."

"Don't get smug, KIT..." The man addressed as Michael moved away.

A vehicle. With a computer. I didn't realize the Earth people were that advanced... Starbuck grinned as an idea struck him. He began to work his way stealthily toward the black car.

In a few moments, he was close enough to study the vehicle more closely. A single reddish light flashed back and forth across the front; he shivered at the uncanny resemblance to a Cylon. One front door was open. Kneeling before it, he studied what he could see of the digital displays and flashing lights within. He concluded that he didn't know how to operate the vehicle, but he did recognize some of the labelled controls. The car was a product of advanced technology; it had a turbo-boost, among other things. With the computer KIT -- if it was anything near as advanced as CORA on his Recon Viper -- perhaps he wouldn't need to know much about manual controls. He could simply order it to obey, to take him to a nearby population centre, or back to his own Viper, if it hadn't been hauled away.

"KIT?" a voice floated from the night.

"Yes, Michael?" the vehicle replied calmly.

"I think I found something here. Get your distance cameras to work, night lens, and get me a print-out on this..."

"Certainly." Was the vehicle miffed at the unnecessary reminder?

Starbuck squirmed closer, then reached toward the front seat. Nothing happened when his hand broke the plane of the entrance. It must be safe. With one quick, limber glide, he was in the vehicle, still keeping his head low, out of Michael's sight.

"Michael?" the car began casually. The door suddenly slammed shut.

"Yeah, KITT?"

"I have a prisoner."

Michael's startled reply was drowned by Starbuck's howl of outrage and disgust.

"KITT!" the prisoner yelped.

"Yes?" The car answered him quite sweetly.

"Get out of here! Move! I'm a human. I've given you an order."

"I'm sorry. I can't do that."

"Keep him there, KITT!"

"I'm doing that, Michael."

"I gave you an order!"

"Fortunately, Dr. Asimov's laws of robotics were not applied in my construction. I am allowed some discretion in carrying out human orders."

Was it Starbuck's imagination, or was the vehicle being smug? He banged at the wheel before him, then the digital displays beyond it. Nothing happened. He kicked at the door. Still nothing.

Pulling his laser, he glared at the serenely untroubled upholstery and dashboard. "I don't know who Asimov is, but you listen to me! At least CORA..."

Fine mist suddenly struck him full in the face, and the weapon dropped from his nerveless hand as Starbuck realized the vehicle had outguessed him once again.

"Who's CORA?" the car inquired with interest.

The world dimmed, but he heard the window beside him slowly rolling down. His weapon vanished from sight, and he heard a far-off voice say, "Give him the antidote to the sleeping gas, KITT. We need to talk to this guy."

"Right away, Michael."

A whiff of another chemical mixture, and the world came back to the disgruntled Warrior. A

congenially smiling young man appeared in his sight, resting his arms on the open window.

"Well, hi, there," he said easily. "You sure made it easy to capture you. I'm Michael Knight. This is KITT. But I think you've met. Slide over. Although KITT is quite capable of operating the car, I like to take the driver's seat in most situations."

Dumbfounded at the independent-minded computer's actions, Starbuck complied.

"Well, KITT," Michael commented, sliding easily into the seat the Warrior vacated, "at least we've found the guy who made those footprints..."

"No, we haven't, Michael."

"What do you mean?"

"I compared the prints you found with this man's boots. Not only is the tread wrong, but the size as well. Also, the weight differential suggests the tracks were made by Visitors."

Michael stole a glance at his sulking prisoner, chagrined at being outsmarted by his modified Trans-Am. "Oh. So our friend's one of them..."

"Sorry to disappoint you again, Michael. He's human. Completely human."

"Then what's he doing here?"

"I don't know. Why don't you ask him."

"Smart..." Michael's smile was strained. "All right. Okay, stranger. Who are you, and what are you doing out here in the middle of nowhere in what might be renegade country?"

Starbuck glared back, tight-lipped.

"Oh, come on, fella. This is no country for an ordinary person to be walking around alone in..." Michael took a good long look at the clothes he was wearing, and the pack he'd thrown into the back seat. After a moment, he touched a switch, then deposited the laser he'd confiscated into a small analyzer tray that opened for him. Waiting for KITT's report, he studied Starbuck more closely.

"No, I was wrong. You're no civilian. You look like you know how to handle yourself. And somehow, your equipment doesn't look like regulation camping gear, either. Who are you? A government agent? From the Firm? Are you a Resistance fighter? Or maybe a collaborator with the renegades?" Michael's voice was harsh.

"Unless your KITT carries a portable interrogation chamber along with everything else, you might as well forget it. I don't tell you anything." Starbuck regretted speaking almost immediately, but the words were said. He was angry, and feeling a little foolish at how easily he'd been captured -- conned into thinking he could help himself to the dark-haired man's transportation...

"Interrogation...?" His captor leaned back, perplexed.

"Michael!" the machine broke in, almost excitedly.

"What is it, KITT?"

"One of the footprints outside, Michael. It has a distinctive boot pattern, different from the rest."

"Oh?"

"It matches that of our guest."

"So he's been wandering around for a while."

"The size of the boot and the approximate weight of the wearer are different."

"The size...?" Starbuck broke in excitedly. "A footprint? He was walking, then? He's alive?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Whoever made those prints was apparently being supported by others. They were moving around somewhat to the south of us. It appears there may have been a secondary crash site." KITT ignored Michael, as Starbuck did.

"Hey, wait a minute..."

"Take me there!" Starbuck ordered. "Of course, the ejection pod... Apollo could still be alive!"

"Apollo? Who's Apollo? Who're you, for that matter?" Michael broke in again, jabbing a finger at his captive's chest.

The Warrior sucked in his breath, once again close-mouthed. The car's owner seemed to consider for a moment.

"Well, Michael?" KITT inquired.

"If we go there, will you answer a few questions?" the man bartered.

Starbuck hesitated, then reluctantly nodded.

"Let's go, KITT."

* * * * *

Mirella examined the captured alien craft as it was being transported to the advanced laboratories of Science Frontiers. She kept quiet about her conclusions when the ship was delivered, knowing her first report should be to Archangel. The dark-skinned woman in white was concise when she talked to Archangel, her superior, in the unmarked car he used for travel in the area of Los Angeles.

"Michael." She slid in beside him.

"Well?"

"Considering the way it seems to work, and the technology necessary to build such a thing, and adding Hawke's report..."

"Yes?"

Her gaze was very sobering. "The Von Daniken people may be right."

* * * * *

Apollo felt something cool on his forehead. When he opened his eyes, he saw a lovely dark-haired woman smiling graciously down at him. Around them, he saw dark walls, carved from stone. He tried to sit up, but she firmly pushed him back and brought a beaker of some liquid to his lips.

"You'll be all right now, my dear. It's Diana. I'm your friend. I'm taking care of you. I'll always take care of you..."

There was something odd about the drink she gave him, a strange flavour that seemed to wreathe through his brain like smoke rings or swamp mist, making it difficult to think clearly, but he drank thirstily. As he faded off again, he thought he heard her speaking to someone.

"He'll recover now. Keep a close eye on him. He should sleep until we're ready for him. When we have the conversion chamber prepared, I'll..."

* * * * *

Julie Parrish was bone-weary. It had been another long day and evening at Science Frontiers, with the arrival of the strange craft. There was so much to be done, and so much of it seemed so often to rest on her shoulders. When she was finally back in her own apartment, it was almost midnight.

A nice soak in a hot tub should help. I can go over tomorrow's work list -- maybe I can call some of the local universities. I know UCLA's graduate program was shut down during the Occupation, but there should be some grad students around with technical training. Maybe we can contact them, offer them a temporary job while the schools're getting back into functioning order again. Some engineers especially; they ought to be fascinated by that ship. Lord knows I can't make much of it, though it looks simple enough, if I just knew which button to push first. I'm afraid that thing's dangerous, and I hate to think what kind of implications it's being here might have...

As she ran the water, she overheard something through the splashing. Suddenly alert, she padded quietly back into the living room. She saw nobody. Pulling her robe tighter about her, she tiptoed toward the kitchen.

Nothing. Relieved, she concluded she was hearing things, probably from being overtired, and from too many months of being afraid of any unusual noise. Shaking her head, she turned back toward the bathroom.

She gasped. Four figures in red uniforms stood there. She recognized two of them -- the broad-shouldered blond, and the treacherous brunette.

"Hello, my dear Julie," Diana purred at her.

She opened her mouth to scream, but something came over her head, muffling her sounds. She fought frantically, but soothing darkness swiftly overwhelmed her.

* * * * *

Commander Adama studied the reports from his scouting parties. When the chime sounded, he looked up eagerly. Perhaps Apollo and Starbuck are reporting back at last? They're the only patrol still unaccounted for...

It was Colonel Tigh. He couldn't hide his disappointment. His Executive Officer knew the reason for it, and forgave him without being asked.

"Sorry, Adama. No trace of our missing Warriors yet. But you know those two -- they always seem to defy the odds..."

Adama gestured his words away. "I knew the risks when I sent them out, old friend. I will continue to hope, but I'll not hover over their memory while my duties lie forgotten. There's too much at stake. What is it you came to see me about?"

Tigh's expression became more worried. "Sir, our last returning patrol reports contact with alien vessels, spacecraft capable of interstellar travel..."

The old veteran frowned in concern.

"No skirmish, but Boomer believes they spotted him, too. Both patrols ran. From the evidence, they were trying to avoid us as much as we wanted to avoid them."

Adama frowned as he looked back at the computer-printed report on his desk. "That could be an important piece of news... Any attempt at establishing communications?"

"None, sir. Of course, we didn't exactly wave a friendly greeting, nor did they roll out the welcome mats."

"So we are mutually aware of each other's existence."

"That could be dangerous, Commander."

"I know, Tigh, I know. Order all ships to stand-by status. They know we're here. Now to see what they do with that knowledge..."

* * * * *

Lydia reported to Philip. "All Mother Ships have responded. There will be representatives from each of them here at dusk-time tomorrow."

"Excellent, Lydia. Continue to monitor all sky patrol reports. I want to know at once if either the Cylons or the star-faring humans enter the system."

"Yes, Commander."

She watched him walk away. During all the time he'd been aboard the Mother Ship, she'd never seen this side of him. She was a warrior, dedicated to the military for her entire existence. Philip had appeared as Inspector General, a bureaucrat whose concern for justice often made her impatient. But now he was behaving as a warrior, as she remembered his brother Martin had been, before contact with the humans led him to defy his superiors and turn his back on his own people.

But even Martin believed in fairness. He was never a killing machine, but a thinking, realistic officer. If he had been in command, much of this would never have happened. It was fate made him a traitor. Philip found a better way. Martin should have had his brother's wisdom.

And now Philip acts as a Leader. Cut off from home, facing hostile foes both in this system and beyond it, with only the most tenuous of alliances with the humans on the planet, he prepares for war. He doesn't flee. I think I've misjudged him, in many ways. I'm glad he survived Angela's



attempt to kill him. How fortunate that my need to save my brother put us together...

She realized her crest was slowly rising, as though for mating display. Hastily brushing the hair of her wig smooth, she turned back to her duties. She was a warrior, and they faced war.

* * * * *

It was more than just the visions haunting him. Something flowed like fire in his veins, and the disembodied words he heard were hypnotic. Some small part of his mind protested, tried to remind him who he was, said he'd been drugged and was being lied to, but he listened. The words were vitally important; they meant something...

"I am Diana, your friend. I can give you your heart's desire, Apollo. I can take away every pain and fear. You need only ask it. Reach for me, Apollo. I am your friend, Diana. I want to help you. I'll never abandon you, like they did. Will you let me help you?"

For a moment he could concentrate on reality. She sat on the other side of the glass, watching with that strangely secretive smile. She crossed her hands on her lap as she waited for him to say...what?

The nightmare whirled down on him again, a wild disarray of terror and despair. The ruins of home on Caprica, all the shattered remains of the Destruction, the deaths of so many close to him... They gradually became unreal, the Commander sending him to death, his friends abandoning him to the torturer, fires of destruction rising to claim him, the pain again of death, and agony of soul... The dark visions devoured him, fears he hadn't realized dwelt within his psyche, sensations of failure, of losing everything of self. Images shifted faster than he could sort them, stopped making sense, became only a terrible blur of emotion in his head and heart until he couldn't bear it anymore...

Apollo screamed, and screamed again, crouched and cringing and lost somewhere in his own deepest, most hidden nightmares. Even the small, sane sense of identity gave up speaking to him and fled until he scarcely even knew who he was, knew only that the terrible things facing him could be averted only if he had a friend, if someone cared enough to help him, if he let someone in...

There was only one way out, one hope left, one friend who might hear him...

"Diana! Lords, help me, Diana..."

A hand appeared in the darkness, and a smiling, compassionate face. With his own right hand, he groped for that salvation, clinging as her arms were suddenly around him and the nightmares ended, even memory of their terror fading in the face of her protection. He knelt at her feet, sobbing in gratitude.

Above him, Diana smiled triumphantly.

(Coming Soon: "Attitude Adjusted")



"WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE ...?"

H. Ravenwood



"Why Did It Have to Be...?"

(By H. Ravenwood)

Byzel. "The World Where All Things Speak." Sentiologist Tanis's treasure of a world became a nightmare-turned-reality for the landing party from the battlestar OSIRIS.

A web of accidents, deception, theft, murder, assault, mysterious disappearances, phobias, and hatred led Captain Diana to assign Captain Hannibal to investigate. Who stole the tile from the Map Room? Who tried to kill Sergeant Minerva? Who murdered Technician Shari and buried her body in the dunes? Was Lieutenant Morgan a victim of violence as well, or had he insanely wandered off into the desert on his own? Diana needed answers, and soon. More than just her expedition was at stake -- the Captain feared she was losing her mind as well.

Tanis's concern was the site itself. What was on the missing tile? What was the significance of the Guardian? The Dome of Srolt -- what did it conceal? And most important of all, the burning urge remained to uncover the secrets of the Amphitheatre in the desert, discovered during the search for Morgan -- despite the presence of the huge snakes found there as well.

For Byzel was still inhabited. True, the bast-like creatures that stalked the ruins, and the serpents of all sizes to be found under and around the city, could hardly be important -- could they? But something brought the snakes together in chorus, and set the bastos to squalling in the hills when the moons of Byzel were in conjunction on the night of the summer solstice, driving the humans close to terrified flight.

The Byzellian weather, too, seemed to conspire to drive the Colonials away. A buffeting sandstorm delayed the mission, and an even greater storm drew near, threatening to end the expedition early. Meteorologist Gaius was certain they couldn't survive its assault.

Then, at last, answers were found. Sentiologist Renet, Tanis's rival of long standing, had stolen the tile, setting a juggernaut of violence in motion as he attempted to sabotage Tanis's work, and claim the glory and prestige of discovering Byzel for himself. He tried to kill Minerva, and murdered Shari. Plots against Tanis and Epigraphist Ashur were thwarted by fate -- or was it by the denizens of the planet? Approaching insanity, Renet fled to the Amphitheatre, intent on summoning some ancient power.

Diana followed the madman, with Tanis, Hannibal, and Security Captain Oisin for back-up. As they closed in on Renet, the leading edge of the storm hit the city. With its arrival, the ancient masters of Byzel -- immense telepathic serpents -- retaliated against the desecrators of their home. With a thought, they struck down every Colonial in the city. In the Amphitheatre, the serpents, speaking through Morgan and Ashur, announced that Tanis and Renet must settle their feud. If either survived, they would pass judgement. Their friends watched in horror, helpless to intervene, as the two men closed in a fight to the death...

Renet sensed triumph near, and his grinning face was the last sight Tanis saw as the world darkened nightmarishly before him...

Part XIII, the Conclusion

"Byzel is mine!"

It was too much. Tanis couldn't die and leave an archaeological treasure trove of a world in the hands of a man like Renet. With a burst of Herculean strength, summoned from his identity as a scientist, and not a grave robber, he gripped the other man's wrists and forcibly ripped the hands from his own throat. Renet bared his teeth in fury as the last of his human rationality fell away, leaving purely animal instincts.

Tanis gasped deeply, blessing Byzel's dry air as it burned into his lungs. I'm alive!

He kicked, and Renet rolled away for a micron, only to lunge at his enemy once again. That moment gave Tanis time to grab his whip and leap into a fighting crouch.

The madman replied by rising into a similar position, his mouth working and his hands twitching as if they were still choking the life out of a living body. "This is my world! Mine, Tanis! Mine!"

Above the Amphitheatre stage, a wild gale howled as it whipped sand and dust into nightmarish patterns; within the arc of stone columns and carved pillars, all was as still as if suspended in time. Huge serpents watched the human drama in utter silence, swaying in eerie intensity.

Except for the two sentiologists, the humans on the stage and in the rows of stone seats were frozen observers, helpless to aid either man. Captain Oisin lay stunned on the main stage, his men behind him. The small work party Renet had brought to the ancient site had reached the top row of steps before the serpents arrived to stop further activity. Diana and Hannibal struggled to draw their weapons and intervene, but were unsuccessful. Only Morgan and Ashur were free to move.

Morgan stepped between the two combatants, while Ashur took a position before the blank cliff wall and slowly turned to face the others. The blond Warrior studied each of the combatants in turn before making his pronouncement.

"The combat is over. Tanis is declared the victor, for he would soon be in a position to kill his rival, if such were his nature.

"Now, you must hear our judgement. Murder has been committed on our world, and our ancient city desecrated by your arrival. We know the duties of each of you, and your motives are open to the Elders of our society. They shall render judgement."

Our society? Morgan's possessed! It's one of...them. Lords of Kobol, one of them... Tanis couldn't control the shudder of revulsion as he stared at his former companion. Those hypnotic green eyes were no longer quite human. The snakes have taken Morgan... He could imagine no worse fate in all the universe -- except, perhaps, seeing Renet triumphant.

"Morgan..." Diana forced the name through numb lips.

From a crevice in the wall behind the stage, which had been blank a micron before, a bast strolled forth, tail flicking congenially. It leapt to Ashur's shoulder, draping itself casually around the man's neck. The action went generally unnoticed.

Morgan raised a hand toward the flame-haired woman. "Soon," he told her soothingly. "He returns to you soon."

Boots scuffed on the clean stone as he walked back to the wall, glancing for a moment at the furious weather above, and the magnificent carving that topped every pillar and arch. His expression was one of fond remembrance, as if he himself had created the work of art and seen its millennia of existence, and still took pride in it. Closing his eyes, he seemed to concentrate, and the storm screeched in renewed intensity.

Then the cleft which had concealed the bast widened, the stone folding and molding back on itself to form an immense arch. The sparsely adorned crescent stage was suddenly a full circle, with a matching row of wide steps within the cliffside. Occupying those steps were more serpentine monsters, coiled and resting, their attention focussed on the step deepest within the mountain.

The spot was occupied by a creature magnificent beyond any specimen the humans had yet encountered on Byzel. It was the living model for the Guardian of the Map Room, far larger, but maintaining the purity of hue and shimmer and majesty. The humans stood in the presence of the true ruler of Byzel, and several of them found they were again capable of movement -- to the extent of dropping to their knees in the awesome presence. What Tanis had felt vaguely in this place now washed over them all, and they had to respond. They had been permitted to see a mystical entity of great power, and they gave it the homage which was its due.

For the moment, the serpents ignored them as their attention turned to Tanis and Renet. The two men were still caught up in their rivalry, and missed the subtle touch of the serpents' minds threading through their thoughts. After a moment, awareness flooded them as it had their companions, and everyone heard the command of the Eldest Serpent. Hands clapped over ears couldn't shut the creature out, or deny the insane reality of what was happening.

Tanis. We have tried to communicate with you before. You may step back. Our dealing now is with Renet.

For the first time, the enemy sentiologists had the opportunity to see what had happened around them. Both gaped at the awesome sight. Tanis's first reaction was to freeze in his tracks. Renet's eyes widened, and he stepped forward as if drawn.

"This is what I have found," he whispered in an ecstatic daze. "I have summoned the ancients of this planet! I have drawn them to myself across the millennia..."

This is our planet, human. All of the Colonials heard everything, both Renet's words and the serpents' thoughts.

As the Eldest unwound sinuously from his ledge, Morgan and Ashur moved to either side of the immense stage. They stood like guardsmen in some absurd drama, where the audience was part of the action, and the denouement was uncertain, changing with every performance.

"I found this place..." Renet repeated. His eyes glistened; his sanity was utterly gone.

These are your crimes, Renet. You have committed an act of murder upon a woman of your own



species. Twice, you have acted with intent to kill. Our action saved one victim; only fate's kindness kept the other alive. You have willed the deaths of three others, by failing to act to preserve their lives. You have despoiled the beauty of our city -- not to preserve the past for the future, but out of your own greed and ambition. You have contemplated killing one you consider a rival. You cannot claim madness as a defence, for the madness possessing you now is the result of your own actions. Self-induced madness is no defence in a court of telepaths. These are the charges laid against you. Your own mind confirms their truth. We shall consider sentence.

A great hissing arose from the gathered serpents, and echoed menacingly from the pillars and arches of the Amphitheatre. Diana, uncertain for once how to proceed in the face of the unknown, nearly shuddered in instinctive certainty -- death was very near. She felt her own movement, and knew she was now free to react. But first, she had to overcome the instinctive urge to kneel to the monsters.

Renet seemed unconcerned. Something grey appeared from the stones at his feet.

For the crimes against your own people, we would not condemn you to death. But what you have done on our world, we do not forgive. Your madness will not depart. The sentence, then, is handed down. Say what you would say, and prepare for your fate.

"What? How dare you?" the sentiologist shrieked. "How dare you presume to pass judgement on me? This world is mine! I have the right..."

He didn't see the small serpent that slithered near his foot. It struck at his ankle, burying its fangs in his flesh, then dropped off and vanished through the floor.

"No!" Renet's eyes were wild as he jumped back. Selina, one of the techs, ran forward, intending to help the stricken man, but he shoved her away. Hunched over, rubbing the ankle that was already beginning to swell and discolour, he glared at the Eldest. "I refuse your judgement! You cannot hurt me. I control this world. I found this place. I claim it for my own..."

He stiffened for a moment as the poison spread through his system, touching his heart and flooding his brain. Then he howled, and ran from the stage. The others moved aside for him as he hobbled up the steps and through the archway. They heard one last shriek that echoed against the stone, turning plaintive against the unyielding walls, then nothing but the intensified storm beyond the pillars.

The Colonials watched the serpents in shocked silence. Sentence and punishment had been swift, almost instantaneous. Renet fled before anyone could offer medical help -- if there even was an antidote of any kind for the venom of the small grey executioner.

"Judgement has been passed, and sentence carried out," Morgan stated after a few silent moments. The others started at the sadness in his voice.

"Renet's dead?" Diana demanded in disbelief.

The judgement was fair, she heard in her mind. For a telepathic species, there can be no unfairness in court. Motive and crime cannot be hidden, and there are no legal technicalities. You may think it cruel, but it is our way, and it has endured for more millennia than your race has known.

Some of you were among the first on our world, the ones who killed in panic at the lesser Gathering. We could demand atonement for that as well -- but you acted in ignorance. We permit it to pass, forgotten. If you must, consider the murderer's death against the thousands of small ones

who died the day you arrived.

For the rest of your people, curiosity is your only offence. We do not condemn you for it; we knew wanderlust ourselves, long ago. But you must leave now. Leave this place, and leave our planet. Go back to your own people.

"Not without Morgan and Ashur," the red-haired Captain replied, planting her feet firmly. Hannibal backed her up, swallowing hard. Most of the other Colonials cringed, as if trying to disappear into the stone. "You killed Renet, but you've got no right to them. You kidnapped them against their will..."

There was amusement in the obsidian eyes fixed on her. Your courage does you honour, woman. But you need not fear for them. We took your friends for their sakes as well as to serve our will. We do not intend to keep them with us. They are free of their mission. And be at peace with yourself -- there is no madness in you. You have seen what you have seen, and it is real.

Morgan blinked, suddenly in control of himself again. Ashur fainted when he realized where he was, and what had happened to him during the past few centuries. The bast on his shoulder leapt clear and stalked carelessly into the shadows.

Now, go. There was no doubt that the calmly given command must be obeyed. The Eldest gave them no choice.

"The storm..." one of the Security men breathed anxiously. "We barely got here, and it's been getting worse. We'll never make it back..."

Silent attention settled on him; the man tried to shrink away into the floor. The Eldest Serpent lifted its mighty head, and a long hiss echoed through the Amphitheatre. The storm howled once in response, then seemed to still around the tall columns and arches of the monument. The humans stared in awe. The massive head drooped low to rest on the stones beside Morgan, who, much to the surprise of his companions, showed no fear.

You will survive.

After what they'd seen, the Colonials had no further inclination to doubt, or to disobey the order to leave. Morgan could walk, but Ashur and the unconscious Oisin had to be carried back to their vehicles. Piling quickly into the land rams, the humans drove off at top speed, into the teeth of the fierce winds.

The Eldest was true to his word. The storm parted before them, leaving an eerie channel of stillness between howling gales. It permitted them only one path -- directly back to the city. The shifting passage closed behind them, obscuring all but the way forward.

"Good lord..." one of the Security men whispered, staring out at what looked like living sand walls on either side of them.

"Which one?" Diana murmured in response. Her attention was centred on her wingman and friend, who sat as if in a trance. "Morgan, are you all right? What happened to you? Where were you -- with them all the time? Did they hurt you, or threaten you at any time during your captivity? What did they want with you?"

He roused himself at her anxious words. After a moment, he shook his head. "They never hurt me, Captain. I'd just like to think for a while, if that's okay with you..." His chin dropped, and his mind drifted far away again, to the final thoughts shared with the one who had been his

teacher and companion for the many long, hot days securely spent in the cool, deep caverns of the masters of Byzel.

Diana could see she'd get no more out of him. Maybe it's better to let him rest for now. He'll get a thorough examination and debriefing when we get back to the OSIRIS. And we're getting back just as fast as we can get loaded and off this Hades of a planet!

She turned to Tanis. The sentiologist had been ashen-faced and silent since the first appearance of the serpent Council. "Tanis?"

"The sooner we leave Byzel, the better," he finally snapped at her. She could see he was fighting a severe case of the shakes, and didn't question him further.

Hannibal reported their communication consoles seemed to be filled with sand and static; they couldn't contact their camp. Diana's reaction was a morbid hope that the camp was still there to hear them.

The two small vehicles reached the perimeter of the city in record time. Diana jumped out and hurried to the ancient tower the humans called Watchpoint Thirteen.

"Dymos!" she called to one of the Warriors on duty. "Call Talos! Begin evacuation..."

There was no response. Hannibal climbed out behind her. With an alarmed expression on his face, he ran past her and up the steps, the woman at his heels. They halted at the sight of the two guards sprawled on the stone roof, weapons at their sides and horrified expressions on their faces.

"No..." Diana breathed, then knelt to check Dymos's pulse. "He's alive!"

"So's Shaula. Let's get 'em to the ram and get moving. I get the feeling the locals just issued an eviction notice."

The lean black man stirred as Hannibal dragged him toward the stairs.

"Snakes!" he suddenly yelped, pushing away his Captain and grabbing futilely for his absent laser. "Gotta..."

"Lieutenant, move!" Diana ordered in a sinister tone. "Or I will personally kick you off the edge of that step. We met the owners of the city; we already know they're snakes. Believe me, we're leaving just as fast as we can."

He was more than happy to crowd aboard the ram with the rest of the huddled Colonials.

* * * * *

With an effort, Talos dragged himself from his stupor. There was a cold feeling in the pit of his stomach, and something terrifying lurked at the edges of his mind. What in Hades happened?

He stared at the increasingly violent sandstorm howling around him -- wind and sand combined in a strange song of triumph. Panic became a lead weight. Byzel had won; they were defeated, and must flee as the vanquished always did, if they wished to survive.

"Gregory! Alexandra!"



—Mel. White

The woman raised her head long enough to look at him, then clenched her fists on either side of her face and half-buried herself back in the sand, quivering.

Gregory was pale beneath his tan, but gripped his laser and answered his superior officer. "Here, Captain..."

"Get that crazy weatherman moving if you can. Abandon the instruments. We've got to get out of here." He was amazed at how steadily he could force himself to speak.

The Lieutenant nodded, and crawled across the shifting sand toward the fourth member of their party, who was just beginning to stir. Gaius muttered inanely about storm mirages and hallucinations as Gregory grabbed his arm and pulled him to his feet.

"Sergeant Alexandra?" Talos took her arm gently. Some people were more afraid of snakes than others -- although she usually was steady in a crisis, and tended to shake later.

She stared back at him. "Thorn says Renet's dead," she told him faintly.

"Thorn? Who's Thorn? Why should Renet be dead? He's miles from here..." Eerie certainty ran down his spine. Thorn, whoever he/she/it was, was correct. A human had died -- and others might die as well, if they stayed, uninvited and now unwelcome, on the "World Where All Things Speak."

Alexandra gulped, and sighed shakily. The unreasoning terror was leaving her eyes. She reached silently for her fallen laser.

"Much better, Sergeant. Let's go."

They left their scattered equipment on the dunes, which were already drifting over it, to form new sand structures in the violence of the storm. No one thought to stop at Renet's sanctum to check for anything or anyone left behind.

* * * * *

Doctor Lupus stared at the spilled medicine bag. When the telepathic sledge-hammer hit, he'd dropped what he was holding and fallen where he stood. Lavanna likewise lay amidst the scattered bandages she'd been preparing for Volsung, who'd been crazy enough to dive into the cistern.

"Lieutenant?"

The woman brushed aside the long tangle of blonde hair in her face. "What...happened? What hit me?"

A choked sound came from one of the examination tables.

"It's all right, Sergeant." Lupus got to his feet and staggered to the bed, although his heaving stomach wanted him to sit down and be sick. "Persephone, it's all right. We're getting ready to leave."

"I want to go home!" The woman uncharacteristically began to cry.

Lavanna gathered her medical supplies from the floor, stuffing them haphazardly into pouches.

"I hear you. We're leaving..." the doctor reassured his wailing patient. Even if Diana and the nutty sentiologists wanted to stay on this planet, he'd had enough. Sunburn, dysentery, insect

bites, and now something that affected an entire medical team and their patients. I'm leaving with the first available shuttle... His stomach was much happier at the thought.

Packing his own gear, he grabbed the skull named Jim and placed it carefully into its box. As he reached for the articulated skeleton of a Byzellian bast that Gregory had unearthed for him early in the expedition, something stopped him. Suddenly cold, he knew he wasn't permitted to take it. Some ritual was required; with unusual reverence, he plucked a few leaves from a planter in his cubicle. It contained native bastmint, the herb found growing over the graves of the bast-like creatures. He spilled them slowly over the skeleton, muttering, "I don't have time to rebury you, but somehow, I doubt it'll be necessary. Go back to your sleep, whatever you are..."

A distinct sense of satisfaction emanated from the skeleton. The doctor fled.

* * * * *

Quetzal stared at the empty glass cages which had previously contained paired samples of the native serpent life. While he was unconscious, they had somehow escaped. It was a major blow to him; over the past sectors, he'd come to know their habits, their behaviour, almost their "personalities." He would miss his little friends, wherever they were.

Through the open door, he could see wild swirls of colour in the sky, and hear the ominous growl of the wind. The sandstorm had arrived, and they would have to evacuate immediately. He could hear some of his colleagues yelling to each other out there. They sounded confused, frightened, and very hasty.

"But I'm not sure I want to go!" he complained unhappily, in tones like those of a child being deprived of a favourite companion.

You must!

"What?" There was no one near enough to have spoken so intimately into his ear; the voice almost seemed to have come from within his own mind.

But we will come, too. We would like to see the stars.

He gulped in surprise. Running his fingers through his spiky, almost-orange hair, he stared around the small chamber. A small hissing sound at ankle level told him to look down.

Four small snakes twined there, one curling over his boot. They were all of one species, all about seven inches long, dark red on a darker background. One bore the slim band of colour he'd marked "his" selected snakes with; the other three were wild, hadn't been captured by his team.

"You, too?" he repeated, bewildered.

Like Thorn? Take us to the stars, friend...

With utmost care, he scooped them into a travelling case, then grabbed a few small boxes of what had been identified as a favourite plant food of this particular species. Protein requirements would be supplied from the OSIRIS zoo's food banks, but he could at least bring some part of Byzel along for them. Leaving everything else behind, whistling cheerfully, Lieutenant Quetzal sauntered toward the landing zone.

* * * * *

Freya couldn't believe her bad luck. How could anyone manage to faint into a pit? On second thought, how could Tanis have the audacity to insist that work continue to the very last micron, thereby placing her in a position to faint into a pit? "Black out" was a more appropriate term. It had felt like something struck her with the force of a Viper smashing her skull, then everything had vanished.

But this is Byzel. Where else could I wind up but in another of these interminable pits and tunnels? Ever since I landed on this Lords-forsaken planet, I've been dropping in on places I never really wanted to see. At least there aren't any snakes or spiders here...

It also looked like there was no way out. Somebody apparently had dropped something, covering whatever entrance or sinkhole she'd fallen through into this dark, quiet, empty place. She felt around for several moments before admitting to herself that she was unarmed, had no torches or supplies, and had absolutely no idea where she was.

The next time I'm assigned to any expedition with Tanis...

Something grated above her; she heard shifting rock, and a small trickle of sand drifted into her abundant hair. The howl of the wind grew decibels louder. Light appeared. She looked up, shielding her eyes against any more falling dirt.

A face blocked the light.

"Hello?" she called. "Are you really there, or a product of my imagination?"

"I'm Lucas. I'm here to rescue you. I'll get you out of there, Freya."

"Great," she muttered. "I'm getting rescued by a twerp tech who'll never let me live down the fact that he had to haul me out of here."

A rope dropped.

"Can you tie this around your waist? We can pull you up, unless someone has to come down and help..."

"Of course not! I mean, of course, I can tie the stupid rope. What happened, anyway?" she demanded, disgruntled, as she made the rope fast around herself.

"Don't know. Everyone blacked out. And evacuation orders just came through."

"Evacuation? That sounds like a retreat, like we're running from something. Hurry up, will you? And try not to kill me in the process," she added acidly as someone jerked on the rope a micron before she was ready.

Back on the surface, she saw why everyone was in such a hurry. Huge tracks undulated their serpentine way through the area, not even pausing near the scattered unconscious human bodies.

"My God!" she exclaimed in rare shock.

"We thought it had you, 'til we saw your pouch..." Lucas indicated a small bag wedged among the stones as he explained the delay in finding her.

Menkar, the ever-present and over-protective daggit, was at her side before the young tech finished speaking. "You all right, Freya?" the big man demanded instantly, his arm around her waist

in an unwelcome show of concern.

"Not really." She shook him off.

The Lieutenant knelt next to her kit. The bag was torn, snagged on a sharp edge. Her notebook was gone, and several small brushes for cleaning artifacts were broken. Measuring twine was still attached to the site pole, its loose end dangling over the edge of the pit she'd just escaped. Digging tools lay on the sand where she'd dropped them.

Freya carefully rewound the twine and collected her trowels. They were all that was salvageable.

* * * * *

The return of the Amphitheatre expedition restored some semblance of order, preventing the evacuation from becoming a panicked rout. With feverish efficiency, work crews collapsed the shelters, hauled equipment back to the landing zone, and stowed it aboard the shuttles. The land rams made several trips from the city, then were parked in their stalls and locked down for the return to space.

"We're leaving a lot of stuff behind," Alexandra muttered. "Gear, some shelters, a lot of artifacts..."

"Yeah, but what we've already shipped to the OSIRIS should keep us busy for yahrens," Freya reminded her. "And we need the extra room for our crew. We arrived in a couple of shifts, and we all have to leave together..."

The two Warriors stood guard at a ridge near the shuttles, overlooking the shallow valley sheltering the city. Even Diana knew the gesture was futile on this planet of psychically gifted creatures, but it was standard procedure, a breath of order in an upside-down world. Lasers would be little protection if the Eldest rescinded the order to permit them to leave, and chose to attack instead. The Byzellians had already stunned the entire complement of Colonials once -- over two hundred men and women, many of them battle-seasoned Warriors, with just a thought. No one had been immune.

"That's everything," growled Oisín, physically recovered from the events at the Amphitheatre, but still furious at the circumstances. "Captain Diana's ordering all personnel aboard now."

He stalked away from the two women, who quickly ran toward the shuttles.

A few centons later, the space vehicles lifted from the ground, and streaked from the atmosphere. Most of the original landing team were crammed into the last craft to launch.

Tanis carefully sat as far away from Morgan as he could. The Lieutenant was supposed to be free of any lingering serpentine influence, but the sentiologist couldn't forget how much time he'd spent among the snakes. Morgan's somehow lost-looking expression didn't seem natural to him, and he wondered if he would ever trust the man again.

Diana and the Warrior pilots -- Morgan, Wilson, Gregory, Alexandra, and Freya -- sat together as if for self-defence. Hannibal observed them all with his steady gaze; the engineer seemed, as usual, unshaken. Diana acknowledged his study with a small nod; her sanity was intact, and the mysteries were solved, although not necessarily to anyone's satisfaction. Each of the five pilots, all of whom had been with the expedition from the beginning, was obviously lost in contemplation of what had taken place.

Ananke, Beryl, and Daphne sat with Tanis; they all looked as if they missed their two dead comrades -- Thale, killed when a wall collapsed early in the expedition, and Shari, murdered by Renet only a day before. Ashur seemed absorbed in the notes he continued to scribble.

The shuttle pilots quietly kept in contact with the other vessels, and with the OSIRIS. The rest of the shuttle contingent chattered nervously; they hadn't been at the Amphitheatre, or present for some of the difficulties their peers had faced. They realized the expedition had come to a sudden and unexpected halt, and knew something was wrong in the sudden, unseen blow that struck them all down on Byzel, but they had no idea what was really going on.

"Uh, Morgan," Gregory said, finally breaking the isolated silence. "What really happened down there, with the snakes? You were gone for sections; we thought you were dead. They must have had you most of that time..." The others directed their attention to him, hoping for explanations.

"I was with the snakes," the blond Warrior replied briefly.

"But what did they want with you?"

"To find out what we were like. To talk to us. They tried to talk to Tanis, but he reacted so...forcefully that they decided to look for someone else."

"Ashur?"

Morgan nodded. He didn't feel like going into detail, about how they'd known he was a telepath, and how they'd helped him experience their world, expanding his own skills in the process. No one else in the crew knew what he was, and he had no intention of enlightening them. Let them think him a prisoner, kept against his will until the events of the Amphitheatre. If they asked, he would explain the history of Byzel, as the natives had told it to him; but let them believe all the unusual knowledge was on their side, not his.

Ashur finally spoke up, dreamily. "We were here before."

"What?"

"There were three cultures on Byzel at one time, those twenty millennia ago that Renet spoke of." His eyes were far away; he'd recovered from his fear, and now regretted the loss of all the knowledge the serpent Elders could have given him.

Tanis's stare was intense. "They told you? How do they know their past? So long ago..."

"Some of them saw it."

For a moment, stunned silence greeted his pronouncement. Then Morgan spoke again, explaining what Ashur had said as the epigraphist drifted away once more into alien dreams.

"They're a long-lived race, Tanis. Twenty millennia isn't but half a lifetime to the larger species of serpent, although the smaller ones live only a century or so -- unless someone comes with weapons. That long ago, there were three cultures -- serpents, basti, and humans. The serpents and basti were native to the planet, they think, but the humans came from somewhere else, under the protection of some other race..."

"The Byzellians remember them, those Others, as looking like humans, but having auras of power, and they couldn't read their minds! They guarded the humans, were looking for a place for them. The humans stayed on Byzel, while the Others vanished in a gleaming city of lights among the

stars..." Morgan's eyes unfocussed as he repeated small parts of the history he'd been told. His companions seemed in a hypnotic trance as they listened.

"They stayed for a time, the humans, our...forefathers, I think. When they'd learned from the snakes, and reached a high enough level of technology, some of them decided to leave. They took their ships, the adventurous ones, and went to the stars. The Elders remember they had three goals in mind, three worlds the Others had told them of, and promised to them. Those who stayed began to die as the centuries passed. There were never many of them, and they lived quietly, trying to recreate the lives of the ones who'd brought them, trying to live in harmony with the natives of Byzel, until at last there weren't enough left to sustain a race. They knew their genetic pool was too small... A few more of them left, but most simply accepted. When they died, the race was gone..."

The Warrior bowed his head. Through the memories of the Elder serpents, he'd experienced the period of human culture, and he'd felt the final acceptance of the last dying members of the race. For the moment, death was inconsequential to him -- only a pain to those left behind, to the fewer and fewer children of each generation. Finally, it was the sorrow of the serpents and bastis, who missed the star-faring strangers, sensing the loss of companion races, while continuing to hope they survived among the stars, and might some day return.

But they had been disappointed. The Colonials, heirs of the ones who'd gone away, were as adventurous as their forefathers, but they were more fearful, too, and more violent than the ones who'd stayed. In their twilight days, the Byzellians found them incompatible.

"Three worlds," Ashur repeated softly. "I don't know the other two; it feels like there's a curtain over them in my mind, but the third world was Kobol. Our Kobol. I always believed the old myths, that our people came from there. I never thought we might have come from somewhere else before..." He drew a shuddering breath.

His sigh seemed to break a spell in the quiet shuttle.

"Long-lived serpents," Alexandra mused. "And humans were here. If it's true, maybe it explains some of our oldest mythologies, about snakes being symbols of immortality. Maybe our ancestors knew snakes that seemed to live forever..."

"They never threw us out; we left of our own accord..." Freya mused, her mind racing over more of the old stories and legends, both their own and those of the old Mokyar Collections, the most ancient body of galactic knowledge and myth the Colonials knew.

"Not necessarily," Morgan interrupted. "The ones who left... We're a lot like them, the Eldest said. Maybe they're just less willing to share their world now."

"Their world is old. Is it dying?" another tech asked quietly.

Morgan sighed again. "I don't know. Maybe. All worlds die. It's true their society isn't what it once was, at least technologically. But they're...content. They work together peacefully. They no longer want to travel. Those who wanted to, left a long time ago, and most never came back. It's likely there are Byzellians on a hundred worlds; we just don't know it. And it's been so long, they might not even know their own..."

In their alienness, they taught me so much about being human... Maybe some day, I'll have the courage to use it...

"What gave them the right to kill Renet? And how did they decide between Renet and Tanis?" one of

the techs asked timidly.

"The right to kill Renet? It's their world, their justice. What gave us the right to come here and act as if we owned the place, when the rightful proprietors were under our feet the entire time?" Morgan countered. "As to why they chose Tanis, I guess you'd have to ask them. Personally, after everything that happened, I'm willing to accept their decision. I'd rather have to deal with Tanis than Renet, if it comes to one or the other..."

Tanis had little to say during the discussion. Now, torn between fascination, abhorrence, and fear, he leaned forward to ask the Warrior, "All that time as a prisoner, with what you know as a Warrior, about identifying with your captors, and all that they teach you at the Academy, how do you know...?"

Morgan closed his eyes. Ashur spoke. "How do we know it's the truth? How do we know we can believe them, or why should we even care? We know. There are no lies on their world. Maybe the Colonies should re-establish communications with Byzel. With the right people, maybe they would be happy to see us again..."

"Might be a good job for you, Tanis, seeing as how alien societies, and almost dead ones at that, are your speciality," Freya suggested, only half-sarcastically.

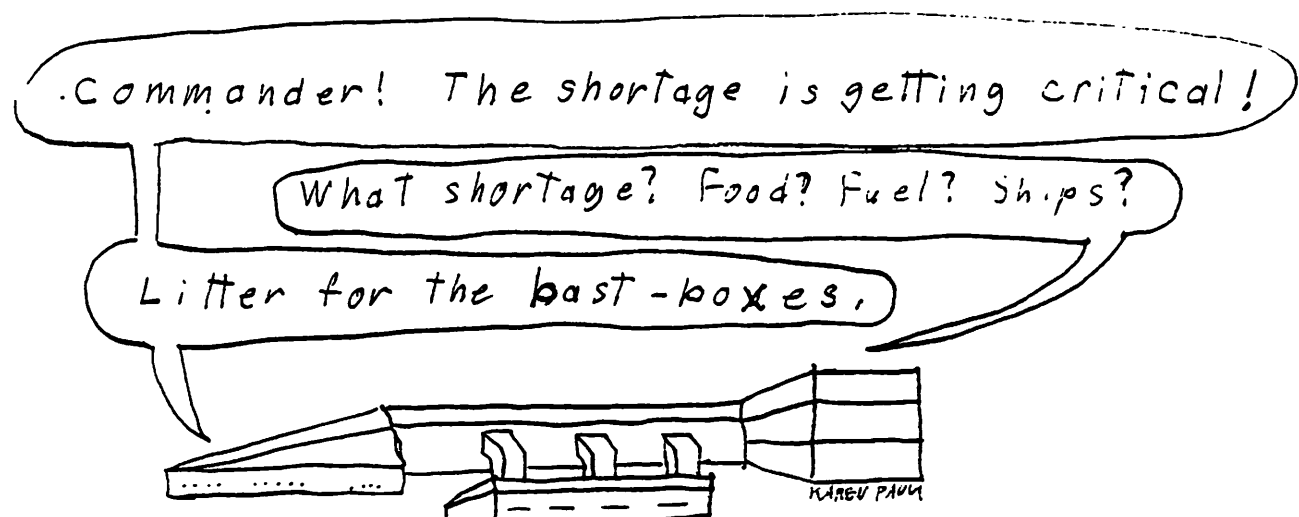
He stared at her for a micron, and opened his mouth to speak.

Then, for just a micron, he thought he saw something golden float before his nose. It was winged, bright as the sun, with a small crest in full display. It looked for all the world like a flying snake. He heard Alexandra stifle a gasp. It appeared briefly once more, and he knew it was a snake. He froze in his chair.

The creature was immediately gone again, and his shipmates stared at him quizzically, forgetting Morgan, Ashur, and the strange tale of Byzel. He glared back for a micron, until they hastily looked away again.

Byzel. Intelligent native life, and a city and culture a sentiologist could spend his life studying. A world I could explore for yahrens, and it had to be inhabited by...

"Snakes," he muttered hoarsely, leaning back against his seat. "Why did it have to be...snakes?"



FROM DEEP SPACE...

This issue of PURPLE AND ORANGE? marks our twenty-seventh publication -- twenty numbered issues (APOLLO'S ODYSSEY, BATTLE OF MOLUKAI, MURMURS, SECOND COMING, and WARRIORS' LUCK), a play (BABBLESTAR BLASTICA), and the never-quite-forgotten "Blue One." It also marks our seventh anniversary, seven years since a little one-shot fanzine made its first -- and we thought only -- appearance for 50¢ a copy.

And seven years since the cancellation of the television series that gave it birth, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA.

In those seven years, the television series has gone into syndication around the United States, and more people are watching it than ever before. While we are among the first to admit it was far from the greatest example of science fiction ever seen on the television screen, we cannot help but be reminded of just how little science fiction ever reaches that screen -- and just how bad most of what the American public see really is.

In retrospect, we have to recognize that BATTLESTAR GALACTICA was pretty good, after all, despite the many descriptions of it as "WAGON TRAIN to the Stars" or "BONANZA in Space." In itself, it may have been no more than a mediocre space opera, but it seems far better when we compare it to television science fiction over the last seven years. What decent examples of the genre did we see in that time, other than major theatrical releases the networks cut apart to bring to a larger audience on a smaller screen, complete with commercial messages galore?

This is not to imply that such programs as BUCK ROGERS did not have their merits, or that THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES and "V" as a mini-series weren't reasonably good mass-media examples of the science fiction genre. We personally did not appreciate one, and found much to like about the others; there are numerous fans who liked what we did not, and who disliked what we enjoyed. But that is as it should be, for there must be room in fandom for a wide variety of tastes.

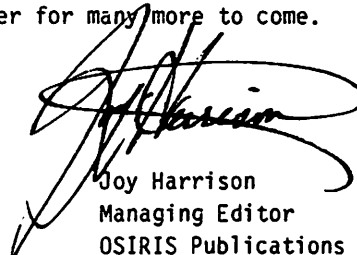
Which brings us to our point.

Fandom represents a wide diversity of interests and tastes. We feel it is in the best interests of fandom as a whole to try to bring good amateur fiction to as many people as possible. Hence the changes in PURPLE AND ORANGE? They began with the introduction of a whip-wielding, ophiophobic sentiologist named Tanis, of whom our readers seem to have grown quite fond. Then came Kari and Alix Shadowstar, from "a galaxy far, far away." And now, we have begun to bring you an entire series of stories featuring "guest appearances" from areas of fandom quite remote indeed from BATTLESTAR GALACTICA.

We hope you will enjoy these additions to our GALACTICA universe as much as enjoy bringing them to you. But if not, please let us know. We are, after all, your fanzine. So, please, send us your comments, your likes and dislikes, your ideas, your wishes for the future.

And we, in turn, pledge to do our best to continue giving you the finest possible examples of amateur (and sometimes professional) fantasy, science fiction, and art. It's been a long time since the days of that little "one-shot fanzine" devoted to trying to save a television series.

We've been together for seven wonderful years; we trust we'll be together for many more to come.



Joy Harrison
Managing Editor
OSIRIS Publications

Scorecard: Michael Who?

Scorecard, scorecard, get your scorecard here! Can't tell your Michaels without a scorecard!

As we went through the character list for this episode of "Survive the Alliance," we noticed an interesting fact -- the number of them having the name Michael, or its common short form, Mike. There's Michael Donovan, most often called Mike, the journalist from V; Michael Coldsmith-Briggs III, better known to most of us as Archangel, from AIRWOLF; Michael Knight, Kitt's driver, from KNIGHT RIDER. And for all we know, the "M." in H. M. Murdock may stand for Michael! (Anybody out there able to enlighten us?)

Another interesting coincidence is Lieutenant Douglas of the Visitors, one of Diana's more trusted aides, since he broke her out of prison on the Mother Ship. We'd originally planned to name him Michael, too, but decided folks might get him confused with Donovan... How Douglas from Michael? Well, if Diana sends him to north Africa to chase the Jewel of the Nile...

Ahem. Behold, the character list, observing the following series abbreviations: BG is for BATTLE-STAR GALACTICA; V is for V; AT is for A-TEAM; AW is for AIRWOLF; and KR is for KNIGHT RIDER...

ADAMA	Colonial; Commander of escaped Fleet (BG)
ANGELA	Visitor; sent by Lydia to kill Philip; instead killed by him (V)
APOLLO	Colonial Warrior; Captain; Adama's son (BG)
ASIMOV, DR.	Terran; rules of robotics among variety of accomplishments
BALTAR	Colonial traitor; commander of Cylon attack force (BG)
BARACUS, B. A.	Terran; former Sergeant in Special Forces; member of A-Team; a.k.a. "Bad Attitude" Baracus (AT)
BATES, KYLE	Terran; Resistance member; human lover of Elizabeth Maxwell who stows away on Leader's shuttle to be with her (V)
BOOMER	Colonial Warrior; Lieutenant (BG)
CHARLES	Visitor nobleman; poisoned after marriage to Diana (V)

COLDSMITH-BRIGGS, MICHAEL III Terran; code name "Archangel"; supervisor for The Firm, an intelligence agency (AW)

CORA Special recon Viper with mind of its (her?) own (BG)

DIANA Visitor scientist; ambitious and power-mad; traitor to her Leader; would have Alexis Carrington Colby for breakfast (V)

DONOVAN, MICHAEL Terran; journalist and member of Resistance; referred to as "Gooder" for his ethical standards (V)

DOUGLAS Visitor Lieutenant; loyal to Diana; instrumental in her escape and in formation of renegades

FARBER, CHRIS Terran; bloody mercenary and member of Resistance (V)

HAWKE, STRINGFELLOW Terran; pilot for Santini Air; test pilot for AIRWOLF, an experimental helicopter with vroom; friend of Archangel (AW)

JAMES Visitor Lieutenant; Diana's lover and enforcement arm; no scruples and lots of ambition (V)

KITT Knight Industries Two Thousand; modified trans-am with computer intelligence (KR)

KNIGHT, MICHAEL Terran; a man who doesn't exist; a shadowy figure working for Foundation for Law And Government (FLAG); human driver of KITT, (q.v.) (KR)

LEADER Visitor; supreme commander of Visitors (Sirians); comes to Earth to make peace and take Elizabeth Maxwell as consort; extraordinary psionic powers; actual appearance uncertain; presumed dead in shuttle explosion (V)

LORDS OF KOBOL Mythical/legendary founders of Twelve Colonies; actual evidence sketchy; legend/myth/history recorded in Book of the Word and Book of the Lords (BG)

LYDIA Visitor Security Commander; loyal to Leader -- and incidentally Philip; personal enemy of Diana (V)

MARTIN Visitor; fifth columnist friend of Donovan's murdered by Diana (V)

MAXWELL, ELIZABETH a.k.a. "Starchild"; Terran/Visitor hybrid; gifted with psychic abilities; chosen as consort for the Leader and presumed dead in shuttle explosion (V)

MIRELLA Terran; agent for the The Firm and personal aide to Archangel (AW)

MURDOCK, H. M. Terran; former Captain in Special Forces; pilot; member of A-Team; a.k.a. "Howling Mad" Murdock (AT)

PARRISH, JULIET Terran; scientist and member of Resistance; responsible for re-establishment of Science Frontiers (V)

PECK, TEMPLETON Terran; former Lieutenant in Special Forces; member of the A-Team;
a.k.a. "Face," "Faceman"

PHILIP Inspector General of the Visitors; in charge of forces still in
Earth system; Martin's brother and fifth columnist; responsible
for truce with humans (V)

RAMAN Legendary Visitor warrior; festival in his honour includes bloody
sacrifice of young officers; his descendants still honoured (V)

SANTINI, DOMINIC Terran; owner/operator of Santini Air (AW)

SMITH, JOHN Terran; former Colonel in Special Forces; leader of the A Team;
a.k.a. "Hannibal" (AT)

STARBUCK Colonial Warrior; Lieutenant; reputations for luck and a way with the
ladies (BG)

TIGH Colonial; Colonel; Executive officer of GALACTICA; Adama's friend (BG)

TYLER, HAM Terran; mercenary and member of Resistance; reputation for ruth-
lessness and few scruples -- if it needs doing, he'll do it (V)

VON DANIKEN Terran; proponent of theory that Earth has been previously visited
by extraterrestrials who guided cultural development

Until next episode, that's all you have to know. If your favourites haven't appeared yet, take heart. Maybe next time! And you can always try your hand at adding to a V/BG universe...

Kudos time! We'd like to extend our thanks to a Distinguished Panel of Experts for their invaluable assistance in crafting "Survive the Alliance":

Barbara Fister-Liltz, for sharing her knowledge of "V," and for some special information which will show up in future episodes (and if you're a "V" fan, may we recommend VIVE LA RESISTANCE, from Pandora Publications);

Joy Harrison, Ye Olde Managing Editor, a fan of KNIGHT RIDER, who thinks KITT is the best part of the show;

Larry Monroe, our dearly beloved significant other, for a number of choice lines and for Hannibal Smith and the rest of THE A-TEAM;

Linda Ruth Pfonner, for Stringfellow Hawke, and AIRWOLF, and long distance questions and suggestions from the really frozen north -- Buffalo, New York!;

J. D. Rich and Sharon Monroe -- we're giving ourselves credit for knowing something about BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, or we wouldn't be doing this zine!

*Sharon
Monroe*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Publisher.....OSIRIS Publications

 Managing Editor.....Joy Harrison
 Editor.....Sharon Monroe
 Editor's Editor.....Clarissa Vader
 Art Editor.....David Morgan
 Humour Editor.....Lisa Gollady
 Editorial Assistant.....J. D. Rich

 Instigator.....Leah Bestler
 Lunatic in Residence.....Bridget B. Flake
 Lunatic in Training.....Brigid Monroe
 Layout/Paste-up.....Joy Harrison
 Sharon Monroe
 Kaye Ann Reed
 Typists.....Sharon Monroe
 Kaye Ann Reed
 Proofreaders.....Joy Harrison
 Sharon Monroe
 David Morgan
 J. D. Rich
 Bill Roper
 Artists.....Barbara Fister-Liltz
 Karen Pauli
 Doug Rice
 Karen River
 Gordon Smuder
 Gennie Summers
 Elaine Tripp
 Mel White
 Cover Art.....Gordon Smuder
 Logo Design.....Frank Liltz
 Printing.....pip/Sue Baylin
 Covers.....Pro-Graphics of Skokie
 Publicity.....All of the Above



PURPLE AND ORANGE?
 c/o OSIRIS Publications
 8928 North Olcott Avenue
 Morton Grove, Illinois 60053

PURPLE ORANGE?

OSIRIS Publications proudly presents PURPLE AND ORANGE? -- a fanzine devoted to *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*™ and to what the *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*™ universe should have been -- and would ultimately have become.

Renew old acquaintances -- Apollo, Starbuck, and Boomer; Adama and Tigh; Cassiopeia, Sheba, and Athena -- and make new friends among others of the *GALACTICA*™ crew. Follow the adventures of the last survivors of humanity, and learn the history of the Twelve Colonies of Man. Join the battlestar™ PEGASUS in her adventures after she met the *GALACTICA*™ and her Fleet, only to lose them again.

Discover the true meaning of madness aboard the *DEMENTIA*, a ship far older than the battlestars™. And meet Commander Christopher and the crew of the battlestar™ OSIRIS, a ship sent out on a two-yahren mission of exploration, believed lost -- but in reality, only a little overdue...

Jones, gunnery sergeant and hedge wizard. Morgan, who hides a dark secret. Diana, bound to the *GALACTICA*™ by ties even stronger than blood. Dion, one-time hero of the Fleet, a man with a past. Freya, who boards the OSIRIS to escape a daggit. Tanis, who likes strange weapons and fears snakes. Laia, Alexandra, Mara, Jason, Hannibal, Garnyd... Meet them all, and many others, on the pages of PURPLE AND ORANGE?

Learn, too, of the People, who created the Cylons™, and what befell them -- thousands of yahrens in the Colonies' past...

PURPLE AND ORANGE? features many fine new writers and artists, some of them professionals, all of them fans, and is headed by a professionally-trained editorial staff that is rapidly turning what began as a fanzine into a "writers' workshop by mail."

For information on prices of available issues, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

PURPLE AND ORANGE?
% OSIRIS Publications
8928 North Olcott Avenue
Morton Grove, Illinois 60053

Letters of comment and submissions of stories, poetry, essays, articles, and art are always welcome. Art should be black and white, camera-ready, and no larger than 8½ x 11. We cannot guarantee reproduction quality of large excessively dark areas or half-tone work.

Submissions will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. We do not insure mail unless postage for insurance has been provided.

OSIRIS Publications and PURPLE AND ORANGE? are not in any way associated with any other *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*™ publication, either amateur or professional.

™Trademark of and licensed by Universal City Studios, Inc.
All rights reserved.



PURPLE ORANGE?

OSIRIS Publications proudly presents a novel from PURPLE AND ORANGE? by Joy Harrison, Sharon Monroe, Marj Ihssen, and David Morgan:

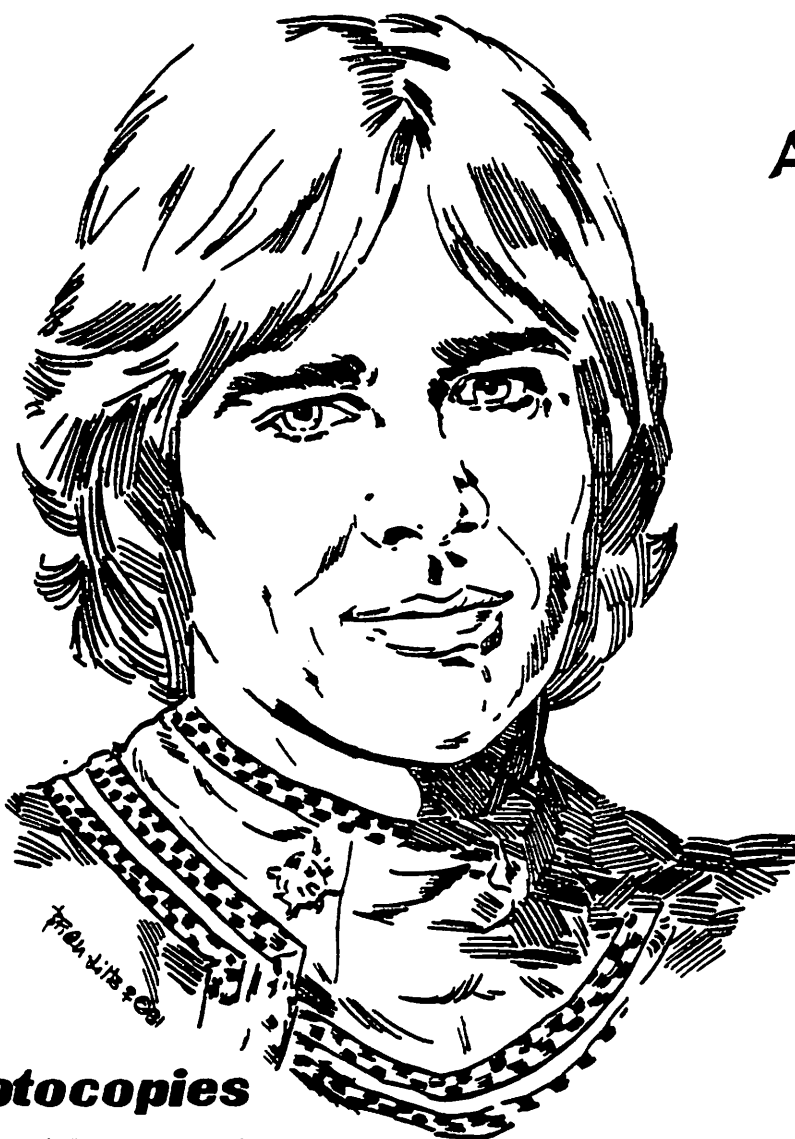
Apollo's Odyssey

Serina's death left a void in Apollo's life, and a close friend accused him of seeking death. Then Sheba died -- and Apollo left on a mission from which he never returned.

What happened to Apollo? And why does Starbuck, alone of those who loved him, refuse to believe he is dead?

APOLLO'S ODYSSEY chronicles Captain Apollo's adventures following the events of the *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*™ episode, "The Hand of God."

\$9.00 from OSIRIS Publications **~~check~~ sold out** must be payable to Joy Harrison. (116 pages, illustrated.)



photocopies
\$19.40 each

OSIRIS Publications
8928 North Olcott Avenue
Morton Grove, Illinois 60053

© 1981 OSIRIS Publications

™Trademark of and licensed by Universal City Studios, Inc.
All rights reserved.

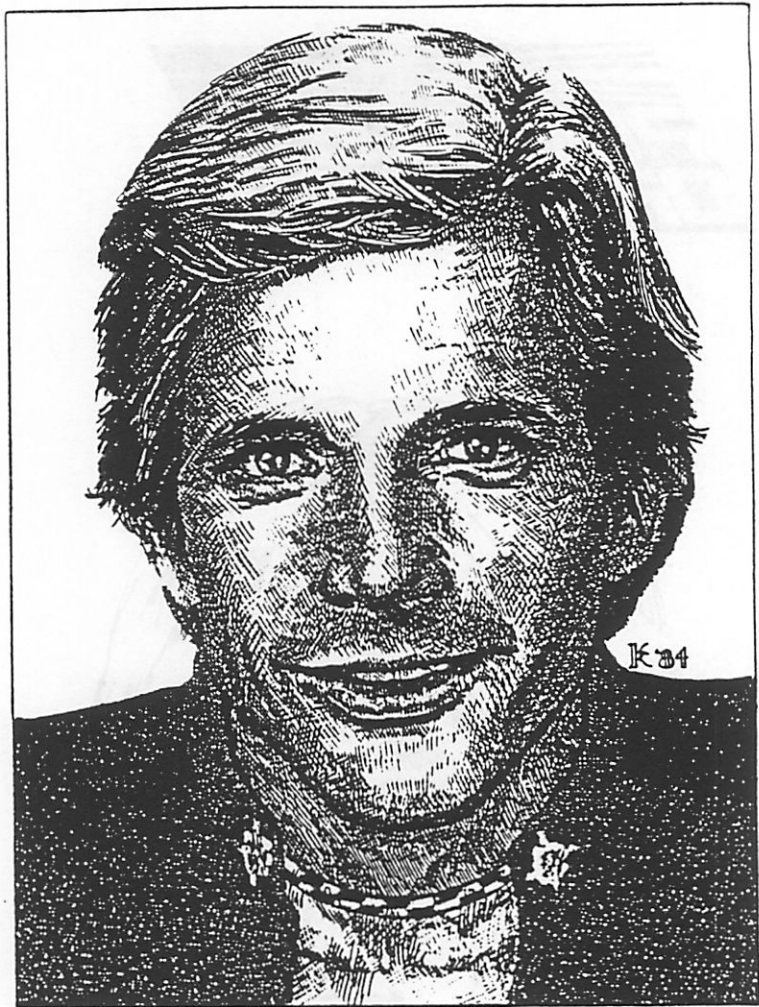


MURMURS

by *Honore Bryte*

Starbuck thought he was dying; he'd been given a death sentence. A degenerative nerve disorder had already slowed his reflexes, barred him from flying, and taken from him all that might make his last sections bearable.

He sought oblivion -- and met his future in an ethereal dark-haired woman, garbed in shimmering white.



...He felt awe and terror building within himself... He couldn't help it. Taking her face gently between his hands, he kissed her forehead. Her lips were too sacred...

OSIRIS Publications is proud to present this new BATTLESTAR GALACTICA* novel from Honore Bryte. Beautifully illustrated by Gennie Summers and Mel White, with a cover by the incomparable Karen River, this story of death and transfiguration is a must addition to any BATTLESTAR GALACTICA* collection.

To order, send a check or money order **SOLD \$10.00** payable to JOY HARRISON (do not send cash through the mail!), to:

PHOTOCOPIES

\$18.20

OSIRIS Publications
c/o 8928 North Olcott Avenue
Morton Grove, Illinois 60053

*Trademark of and licensed by Universal City Studios, Inc. All rights reserved.

WARRIORS' LUCK

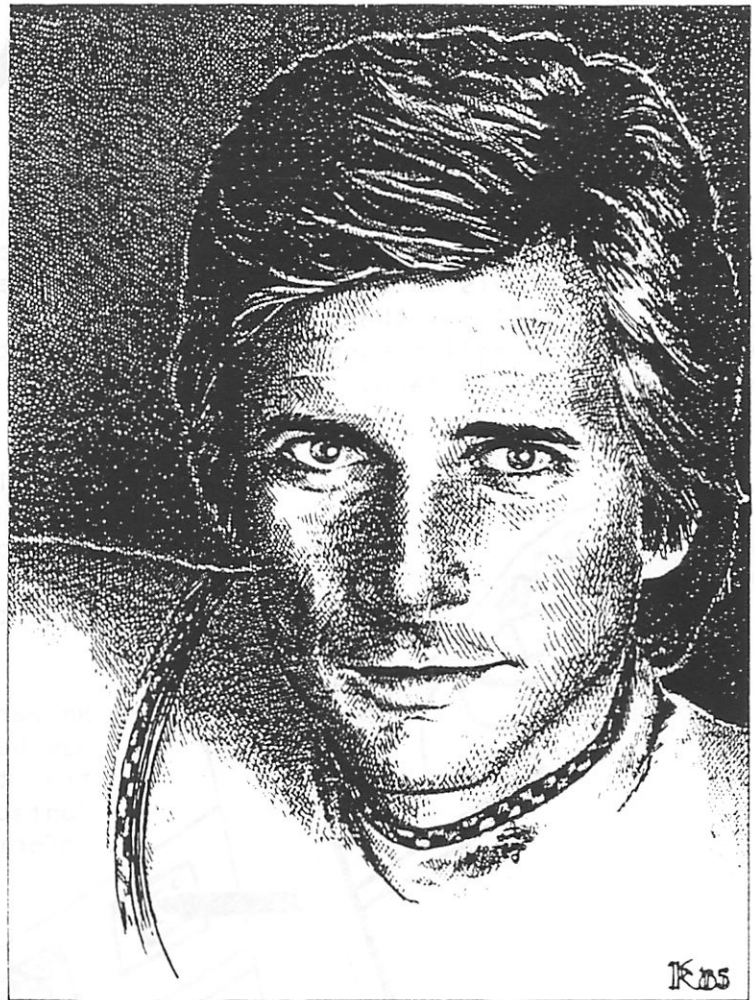
By Linda Ruth Pfonner

The blue-and-white globe fit Michael's description of the planet Terra so perfectly that it might have been a twin -- except that Michael's city wasn't blasted; it was just abandoned. The GALACTICA™ sent a landing party to investigate.

Things went badly from the beginning, when Sheba's Viper crashed. She wasn't hurt, but the small fighter was a total loss.

Then, as they explored the ruins of what had once been some great public edifice, Starbuck and Athena found Room A...and Jiesser...

And the nightmare began.



WARRIORS' LUCK, by Linda Ruth Pfonner, is the newest BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™ novel from OSIRIS Publications. Lavishly illustrated by Mel White, Gennie Summers, and Mea Culpa, with a beautiful cover by Karen River, it is a spell-binding story of friendship and treachery from one of the finest writers in fandom today.

To order, send a check or money order for \$14.60 payable to JOY HARRISON (do not send cash through the mail!) to:

PHOTOCOPIES
\$14.60

OSIRIS Publications
c/o 8928 North Olcott Avenue
Morton Grove, Illinois 60053



™ Trademark of and licensed by Universal City Studios. All rights reserved.



OSIRIS PUBLICATIONS PRESENTS:

BABBLESTAR BLASTICA

"Babblestar BLASTICA", an original one-act play by Sharon Monroe, is the first of a series of Shakespearean-style dramas parodying the original BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™ television series. In this premier adventure, join the heroic crew of the BLASTICA as they attempt to destroy an enemy garrison and capture the evil Shylons' stolum supplies, in a desperate effort to preserve the last remnants of the human race.

"Babblestar BLASTICA" follows traditional script format and is printed full-size on 8½ x 11 bond paper. It is carefully bound for easy reading and to protect the pages during rehearsals.

No performance of "Babblestar BLASTICA" may be given without written permission from the author and OSIRIS Publications. Contact OSIRIS Publications for further information.

~~sold~~ 5.00 out

To order, send a check or money order, payable to Joy Harrison, to:

***photocopies
\$8.30 each***

OSIRIS Publications
c/o 8928 North Olcott Avenue
Morton Grove, Illinois 60053

T.G. Kerdang &

BLUE SQUAD
IS
#1!!!

LUCIFER IS
A
PANSY!!



CYLON TRASH!

CYLONE A

STARBUCK
-N-
ATHENA

ALLIANCE
IDIOTS!

UH-OH!

STARBUCK
AND
CASSIE

COOPS!!

STARBUCK
-N-
MIRIAM

TIN
HEAD!

